The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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DRIFTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY PAUL KENT.

We are drifting on the surface
Of a deep and boundless sea.
We are drifting, slowly drifting,
Towards a vast eternity.

Some in gilded barks are drifting,
Borne by currents deep and strong;
Wafted on by perfumed breezes;
Lulled by subtle syren's song,

Into sleep which knows no waking,
Till the sullen breaker's roar
Cuts their happy dreams asunder,
And they sink to rise no more.

Some o'er rougher seas are drifting,
Sore beset by wind and wave;
Adverse currents stay their progress;
Angry storms around them rave;

But before them in the distance,
Far beyond the thunder's sound,
They behold a happy haven
Into which they're homeward bound.

And with eyes fixed ever forward,
And with hand upon the helm,
Slow yet surely they are drifting
Towards that peaceful, happy realm.

Since we then are ever moving,
Ever drifting toward some shore,
Ever drawing nearer, nearer
To some bright or gloomy door,

Let us shun those fatal currents,
Shun the breezes' perfumed breath;
These but bear us to destruction,
They but waft us on to death.

Let us wake, spread broad our canvas,
Hold the helm with prayerful hand,
And let faith, breeze born of Heaven,
Waft us toward the better land.

CUT ADRIFT:*

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SIDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

"MY DEAR, DEAR WIFE! TO SEE YOU AT LAST, EVEN HERE."

CHAPTER XI.

FACING FATE.

Hiding away her face, Dora Tremaine shed many bitter tears. The truth was plain enough, she thought. Jasper had gone to her husband and told him the story—and what would have roused his sympathy under any other circumstances, appeared now an act of shameful treachery. Shocked and stunned he had not cared to see her. Indeed, why should he? Too merciful to upbraid, too just and too upright to take her in his arms and kiss the poor throbbing brow and the pale, cold lips. Ah, to be shut out of such love and tenderness, to be put away in dreary silence. No wonder he had not hastened to her when they must stand apart and only look the longing it had become a sin to speak.

And as he had waited hour by hour, day by day, the sense of truth and right had grown stronger upon him. Would it have altered anything if she had gone to him at first? No, there was the awful, the irrevocable fact that neither could alter. She was the wife of another! Death had not dissolved the bond—and if the law could, there would be a long delay. Even then Mr. Tremaine might hesitate about taking a divorced woman, a woman who had deceived him, back to his heart. On all sides her case looked hopeless.

"Catherine," she called, feebly.

"What is it, my lamb?"

"Oh, Catherine, you'll never, never desert me! Promise that you will be tender as mothers are to their unfortunate children. I shall want a friend, I may want a home, even. Will you and Mark be kind to me in my distress? I seem so utterly forlorn and helpless, so shut away from those who might befriend me at any other time. Have I sinned irremediably?"

"It was not your fault. God will hold you guiltless, I know. And if Mr. Tremaine had come, had heard your story, he could hardly have blamed. Some evil fate seems laid upon you. But for life or death, no mother can be tenderer or more true than I shall be to you, my poor, dear child."

"If he should come again, Catherine—Jasper Cameron, I mean—I must see him. I want to know all, the very worst that he can do!"

"Wait until to-morrow. You are weak and have fatigued yourself so much already."

"No, my good Catherine; let me get through with this trouble, and to-morrow you will find me most obedient. The suspense and anxiety nearly drive me wild."

Even as she spoke, there was a low, peculiar knock at the door, and Catherine started, nervously.

"That is Jasper Cameron," she said.

"Leave me alone, please; but stay within hearing—in the next room; and, oh, Catherine, do not go away for an instant."

There was a world of entreaty in Dora's pathetic eyes, and the slender hands clasped each other.

"My child, no. Must you see him?"

"It will be better, I think. Go. He will become impatient."

Catherine held quite a long parley with her visitor. If it had been possible still to exclude him, she would have done so; but he was very urgent.

"The doctor has said that it would be perilous to disturb her," Catherine answered, sternly.

"But just to see her, to exchange half a dozen words with her, is all I ask. If you know what she is to me, you could not be so obdurate."

An expression of contempt curled Catherine's lip. It was not lost upon Cameron, who noted everything, in case he might need the clue afterwards.

She ushered him in with evident reluctance. Stepping into the little parlor he gave one glance around, and half kneeling at the side of the bed, exclaimed in tones of tragic pathos—

"My dear, dear wife! To see you at last, even here—"

"Do not call me by that name, Jasper Cameron!" And Dora's eyes flashed for an instant.

He glanced at her with a mean, masterful expression that made her shudder. It said that he could dare anything since he had the power on his side.

"I have not been able to see you until to-day," she began, feebly, realizing at the moment how weak she had grown, "and I should not now, except that I wanted to ask you a question. You have seen Mr. Tremaine!"

It was more assertion than question. He revolved in his mind for a few seconds how much he should admit. For he had the habit, this Jasper Cameron, of stopping at no lie. His faculty of invention was neat and plausible.

"After giving you my word that I would not attempt to see him, it was cowardly, unmanly in the extreme, to strike a defenceless woman in that manner! You went to him—you must have gone the very instant that you parted with me, and told him—Heaven only knows what! If there had been any pity for you in my heart before, that would have crushed it! You could not have taken a more effectual method, Jasper Cameron!"

"When I reconsidered," he began in a bland tone, "I thought that it *was* barbarous to keep Mr. Tremaine in the dark. You know that I proposed our going together, and you refused. Was it not kind in me to give him an opportunity to seek you if he desired?"

She writhed at this.

"After your statement!" she said, with all the scorn she could command. "You told him—"

"The truth!" and Jasper Cameron raised his voice, mentally resolving that Mr. Tremaine should be informed according to this programme. "That you were my wife, and that no law and no power should compel me to give you up. Heavens, Dora! I am more resolute to-day than at our first interview!"

"What can you do?"

She asked the question with a fearlessness that angered him. And there crept into his heart a strange mixture of love and admiration for this brave, beautiful woman.

"I *could* prove myself your master. I could order you to be taken from this place and kept under my protection until the law divorced us, which it can never do. Since I am willing to forgive the past, love you and care for you, you would have a hard matter indeed to make out any cause against me. There is nothing but the humiliating confession that you have been untrue, and loved another man."

"There is the truth that I shall never shrink from, or be ashamed of, that, believing you dead, I married another. I shall love him to my life's end."

"You are bold in your infidelity, madam," he exclaimed, with a sneer.

She flushed deeply. Was it necessary to endure this man's insults?

"Catherine," she called.

Jasper Cameron frowned. He much preferred that there should be no witness to their conversation.

Catherine Dawson entered. Besides the almost stern look habitual to her, she showed plainly in every line of her face, her scorn and dislike of Cameron.

"I am not utterly friendless," Dora began in a low, yet clear tone. "This woman has been a witness to my daily life, since shortly after my mother's death. She saw my acquaintance with Mr. Tremaine, my marriage, and we have been friends since. To her I have confided my story. If you have any proposal to make, I wish you to do it now and here. Since you have taken unfair advantage of my silence, I do not hold myself bound by any promise concerning Mr. Tremaine. I shall see him whenever I choose."

"This person knows then that you are my wife?" Jasper Cameron said with a supercilious smile.

"She knows that, as a child, I was overpersuaded to marry you, and that a few words, binding in law, perhaps, link us together in a fatal manner. But as God hears me witness I shall never be the wife of any man save Ralph Tremaine."

"You prejudge my case altogether," he said in a wounded tone. "You give me no opportunity to show love or tenderness. How can you tell, parted as we were the very hour of our marriage, that you will never be able to love me? All I ask is a fair trial. Let me visit you as a friend for a few weeks, prove to you my sincere sorrow that I should have even seemed to forfeit my claim on your regard. When you have heard my story perhaps you may think me deserving of a little pity, as well as Mr. Tremaine."

"It cannot alter the fact that I do not love you," and her clear, incisive tone would have brought a knell of despair to any man who truly loved.

For a moment Jasper Cameron was silent. Truth to tell, the presence of a third person disconcerted him, and somehow he felt that going into any extravagant demonstrations of affection would prove a farce.

"I want you to make your plans without the slightest possibility of my changing. There is none. If I never saw Mr. Tremaine again, if he cast me utterly from him in anger, still, before God, he would be my husband. If I saw you daily, I could not relent. Nay, there would come an utter loathing and abhorrence until I should welcome the deepest dungeon if it but shut me from your sight. Now you know my feelings—what have you to propose?"

"You are ill and not fit to discuss this subject. Some day when a calmer frame of mind succeeds your present excitable state—"

"There can come but one—death."

She uttered the words so solemnly that he felt awed in spite of himself. And yet her stubborn resolve angered him. He was convinced that she would resolutely keep to her word, and that nothing could re-awaken a tenderness in her soul for him. Oh, why had he been so hasty in those old days. A fortnight's patience and delay would have saved all to him, the wealth that he coveted, the woman that he longed to subjugate. To be master of this proud, defiant Dora!

There was a long pause, and Dora Tremaine felt that her strength was giving way.

"If I have made no plans for the future it was because I hoped to win your favor at length," he began slowly. "The law of course consigns you to my care—"

"I am not so sure of that!" she interrupted.

He was losing his temper. "At least," he said, "until you are free from your bond to me, you are my wife. Make one attempt to return to Mr. Tremaine, and I shall proceed to the utmost limits of the law. If you are desirous to have your folly and disgrace bruited abroad, you know now what course to pursue. In that case I shall not be merciful."

Mercy! There was none in the man's soul—that she knew.

"You need not fear my returning to Mr. Tremaine until I can do so honorably," she answered with bitter scorn.

"For the present then you will remain here?"

Dora turned wearily. "For the present," she said feebly.

"You have talked quite long enough," Catherine Dawson said, coming forward. "You can see how much she is exhausted."

It was growing plainly evident. A blue line lingered about her lips and a deep shadow underneath her eyes. Every feature seemed strained and rigid with intense emotion.

"I shall come in to-morrow," he announced loftily as if no one had a right to gainsay him. In the meantime Mrs. —— and he looked keenly at Catherine, but she made no sign—"spare no pains or expense. Although she will not believe it," and he lowered his voice, "she is very dear to me. Are you alone? Do you not need a nurse, or some assistance?"

"Nothing," Catherine replied sternly. "If she can have peace and quiet she will soon recover, for she has a fine constitution. Otherwise I will not answer for her."

"If you should be—in need of anything—" and Jasper Cameron slipped his hand into his pocket with a thoughtful air.

"Nothing from you!" Catherine Dawson said with undisguised contempt.

He bowed jauntily and sauntered down the street, turning the first corner. A young man of two or three-and-twenty, rather seedy looking, started from some nook below and walked slowly toward him with a rather peculiar air.

"Well, Dan?" Cameron's voice had a pleasant, indifferent sound.

"Will I go on, sir? It's hardish work just lounging round in one spot. Nothin' happens."

"You're paid for it—as well as if you broke stones on the road, and not as tiresome. Yes, you'll go on. If a sick woman should be taken away from this house by day or by night, you are to follow and see where she goes. And if a man calls—you remember the description?"

"Yes."

"If you can hang round and hear anything—"

"Yes."

"Keep a good watch. You'll not regret serving me, my fine fellow," and Jasper Cameron took out his well-filled pocket-book and selected therefrom a note.

"Thankee. I'll find out all I can, you may depend upon that."

Cameron walked away with a satisfied air, as if he were a benevolent gentleman relieving some poor wretch. Something sharp caught his finger as he returned the pocket-book to its place.

"By Jove!" he muttered, "it's not a very sensible thing, keeping this note; and taking out the crumpled missive he perused it again with a sinister smirk. Catherine Dawson's message that had cost her so much care and trouble.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, just above his breath. "Jasper Cameron is a sharp fellow to deal with, as you'll learn Mesdames. But was there ever an occurrence where everybody was so completely in the dark? Not a soul dares show his hand. Tremaine's a fool! Dora ditto, but it serves my purpose excellently. Commend me to your innocent people, say I—they'll make themselves out infinitely more guilty than any rogue would. And as for courage—the face of innocence is all bosh! It won't sustain its votaries or victims, anywhere, but turns red and confused at the first accusation. I may as well destroy this, seeing that it has answered my purpose. Odd how everything plays into my hands! Oh, my lady Dora, I know how many heartaches you have had over your husband's tacit refusal to come to terms. I must see him now, to keep my story good. And why not? I'm not sure but it is the very best move that I can make. I shall know the dearly devoted's sentiments, and whether he is of the forgiving order. I *must* manage her somehow. After I've hunted her down she may be willing to do the handsome thing and buy herself off at a large figure. September—and now it's June! Hang it! I wish I hadn't taken it up in quite such a hurry. But then she never can know unless Colby's fool enough to tell her. The man's a villain in all but courage! A weak, driveling fool! But I must see them both. Gad! If Dora could be kept out of sight for two or three months, the thing might work. Jasper, that's a lucky thought! Dangle that bait temptingly before Colby's eyes, and ten to one if he don't snap at it. Half without any remembrance—by Jove! that's worth trying for. Only, Mrs. Dora, I'd like to take you in hand," and he ground his boot heel savagely on the pavement, while a diabolical gleam flashed out of his eye. "But women never do pay, so where would be the satisfaction. To keep her away from Tremaine will be enough. Yes, the man's a fool—if he loves her! I'll judge of that before I am twenty-four hours older."

Cameron lighted his cigar and sauntered jauntily along, maturing his plans. Of his interview on the following day with both Mr. Tremaine and Colby the reader is already aware. It seemed indeed as if some fatal fortune favored him. He hesitated at no falsehood, he could witness the sufferings of others calmly, and take advantage of the slightest incident that could be turned to his own account. A bold, gentlemanly, plausible villain!

CHAPTER XII.

JASPER CAMERON PROPOSES A TRUCE.

After Catherine Dawson had dismissed Mr. Cameron she returned to Dora, who needed instant attention, and she had hardly restored her patient to a tranquil state of mind when the doctor made his appearance.

"Mrs. Dawson," he began rather sharply, "there's been some bad work here! She's feverish and excited, with a galloping pulse, and nerves that might have been wrung out in boiling water. My injunctions have not been obeyed."

"Don't blame her," Dora pleaded faintly. "It was my fault. She is the best and tenderest nurse that one could have."

"But you take your own way;" and he smiled a little, softening his voice. "Of what avail is our good work if you undo it so soon! Did you sit up?"

"No."

"Then you talked a good deal, which was infinitely worse. You were much improved this morning!"

"And I *am* better now, stronger. Oh, doctor, have no fear! People never die when they desire it ardently."

There was a strong, cold despair in her tone that touched him.

"You do not wish to die," he said softly, and yet confidently.

Did she? If Ralph Tremaine must be taken out of her life, then death, or anything.

After that, as the summer twilight closed in around the two women, both were silent. Dora was thinking endlessly of her husband. How implacable he must be, to know that she was ill, suffering, and not desire to see her, not even send to ask after her. Why she *might* die! For, if his love had received so great a wound that he did not care to look upon her face, he might still have a little tender regard for her who had once been so dear. How cruel to think that he had lost all interest.

Perhaps she condemned him unjustly. She wanted to be merciful and right. He might not have recovered from the shock; indeed, she knew not what horrible version of the story he might have heard. She almost wondered that, understanding her so well, and having so few of the facts of her past life, he believed the story at all. Would she have taken into her confidence a stranger, and listened to some monstrous accusation against her husband? No, a thousand times no!

All night she tossed about restlessly. It was very warm, and she missed her spacious room with its cool fragrant breezes. More than all the loving heart that had pillowed her, the fond lips that had kissed her between snatches of sleep. Oh, what if the place could never be hers again!

[*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by H. Peterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"My child, you have worried yourself sadly," Mrs. Dawson said, looking at the haggard face.

"Oh, Catherine, I don't know which way to turn! Doesn't it seem to you that Mr. Tremaine might come? Does he care whether I live or die?"

"Yes, he might come!" Catherine exclaimed bluntly. "It's cruel for him to stop away at such a time. Even if he believed that villain's story—"

"The story *is* true, you know. He can hardly help believing that. And when he thinks that I am not his wife—perhaps never can be again—oh, it's horrible, isn't it? The best thing would be for me to die, and yet I don't feel like dying, only dragging through a hopeless, miserable life. I don't know—maybe my notions are not very clear, but if he had committed any crime, I should have clung to him; at least, I should have been tender and wanted to comfort—"

Her voice died away in a dreary sigh.

"Suppose we were to write again—or even if I were to go to Woodlea?—"

"No, Catherine, I couldn't be left alone. The letter might do. I think I'll write by-and-by. I wish I had asked Jasper Cameron just what he told him. When he comes this morning I want to see him."

"But the doctor—"

"No matter. I might as well talk and injure myself as to keep up an incessant worry! Yes, I must see him. Then I'll decide what it is best to do."

But Jasper Cameron did not come. He had more important matters on hand that morning.

What if the whole thing was a hideous lie! If she could only think that she had been very ill and dreamed it!

Jasper Cameron was much better prepared for this interview. It was mid-afternoon when he made his appearance, in his usual easy, half insolent fashion. Dora's heart sank within her at once.

"I hope you are improving?" he said with a great appearance of cordiality; but the wan eyes and sunken face did not betoken much in the way of recovery.

She gave him a sort of haughty glance, and did not reply immediately. He had formed plans for every conceivable emergency, which he could put into execution with the rapidity of a thought, or pass by without the slightest feeling of disappointment, while her brain was in a weary tumult of fear and despair. Turn whichever way she would, she saw no hope.

He gathered no encouragement from that stony face, but he followed out his *role* as exactly as if he expected it to be quite convincing.

"Dora," he began almost plaintively, "I have been thinking this matter over continually since our last interview, and have discussed it with my friend, who is most anxious to try his powers of persuasion upon you. It all comes back to this fact—you are my legal wife. You cannot resume honorable relations with Mr. Tremaine at present; indeed, from what I have heard and seen, he is not the kind of man to risk any great scandal."

"You told him!" Dora exclaimed fiercely. "You had no mercy, but struck that cruel blow to the soul of the best and tenderest of men!"

"I told him, certainly. Dora, could you have gone on in your relations with him, knowing that I was still alive?"

There was an air of surprised and injured innocence about the man that nearly maddened Dora. She roused herself and sprang up from the pillow.

"Oh," she said, her eyes flashing scornfully, "you need not distress yourself about my morality! As I told you, I entrusted the whole story to a friend for Mr. Tremaine, believing, as God is my witness, that you were dead. I should no more have married him with that between us, than I should have cut off my right hand. It is my misfortune and misery now that this friend was not true to his trust. I have made but one fearful mistake, and that was not confessing immediately. I know what lies between us now, and you need not fear that I shall so forget my womanly honor as to take one step that any person might question, either with you or with him. I shall not see you again except in the presence of a witness."

There was a long silence. Dora realized how completely she was shut out from any claim upon Tremaine. All this time she had been hoping—she knew not exactly what—but if Ralph would come, would forgive her unwitting deception, and look at the future with her, considering what was best to be done, her burthen would seem so much lighter. She would be willing to abide by his decision. Even if they were parted forever by an inexorable fate, so long as she could think of him as a dear friend, sorrowing with herself, it would be such a heavenly comfort compared to this black despair.

"You told him all?" Dora's voice was cold, though tremulous with anguish.

"I told him the truth—explained to him that I had made attempts to send you word of my existence, and that—I loved you still."

These last words were uttered with the very refinement of cruelty.

"Jasper Cameron, you do not love me!" she replied with bitter emphasis. "You do not know the meaning of the word, you never did!"

He bit his lip in a passion of anger, but it was not allowed to appear on his handsome face. Rising, he came to the bedside, and clasped his hands with a pathetic air.

"Dora," and his tone was low, held in a powerful check. "Try me. I ask it humbly, sincerely. Give me a chance to vindicate myself, to be true and tender. My whole life shall be devoted to you. I will make amends for all that may have seemed neglectful in the past. Just once, Dora—a month—any time you may choose to appoint."

"You weary me," she said with cold disdain. "We can never, never be anything to each other—even if Ralph Tremaine were dead—so cease your importunity. If you have any business, explain that, and then cease to persecute me by your presence."

"What do you propose to do?"

He asked the question insolently, and she felt that she *was* in his power, disguise it as she might.

"Die, if it is God's will. If not—endure to the end. No loneliness nor anguish nor despair shall change my purpose. If you dared to try to take me away I should publish to the whole world that I hated you. I cannot be forced into any step."

He knew that he had no supreme power over this woman's soul. To resort to force might be to dare an unwelcome crisis.

"Dora," he said presently, "I have one offer to make, although I think few men would be as generous. You are weak and excited now, and absolutely incapable of taking a fair view of the case. If I wanted to be revenged for your confessed hatred of me, I could do it by frustrating all your efforts to gain any kind of legal freedom. I feel at times, when you rouse the demon within me, as if I should do this, but in the end it would be poor satisfaction. And still, I am hardly convinced but that you might be won to love me. Let us, therefore, consent to a truce. For the next three months you shall live quietly with any friend whom you may elect, giving me the privilege of calling occasionally. If, during that time, your feelings have undergone no change, I will withdraw my claim and no longer oppose any settlement that the law may be able to make. All I ask of you is a promise that you will not expose yourself to Mr. Tremaine's influence. Act perfectly honest and fair with me, and you shall not be the loser."

Catherine Dawson bent her neck and shoulders to gain a good view of Jasper Cameron's face. His voice had carried with it a strange power, as he meant it should, but though apparently fair and honest, she fancied that some sinister motive must be lurking in the background. But the face revealed nothing, granting that he had other motives. A handsome face, sad and touching, and while Catherine could not believe in it, neither could she refrain from pitying.

Dora roused herself again and glanced steadily at him. He saw his advantage with both women.

"Oh, Dora, how can I give you up! You said that I did not love you! Ah, you can never, never know the sacrifice I make in relinquishing all thoughts of your love. Still I only ask to be satisfied. There have been hours when I would rather see you forever wretched than happy with another, but your sufferings have conquered that selfish sentiment."

He covered his face with his hands. Dora was deeply and strangely moved. It seemed almost as if happiness might be possible again. She had said on their first meeting that she preferred open enmity, but was not a faint fragment of respect better.

"If you mean what you say, Jasper Cameron"—and Dora's voice trembled with excitement.

"Heaven knows that I do. If you will but wait until I am convinced that my case is entirely hopeless—"

"And you promise then not to use any mean, treacherous subterfuge?"

"I swear it. This time, in September, if you can still say that your feelings towards me are unchanged, I will do whatever you bid me. If it is to leave my native land forever, I will even obey that behest."

Dora Tremaine cast about in her mind for the cause of this sudden conversion. What motive could impel him to this generosity? He had refused her money in the first instance, so it was not for any thought of gain. Would this step compromise her any in the eyes of the world—or most of all, in the eyes of Ralph Tremaine? Come what would, she could be nothing to him at present.

"I don't know," she said, wearily. "I think you mean fairly—but somehow I am confused. Will you agree that Catherine Dawson shall always be a witness to these interviews?"

"A hard condition," he replied slowly.

"It is the only condition on which I shall grant them," was her decisive answer.

He affected to consider. You could imagine from the knitted brows that there was a severe struggle going on, and yet he had mentally consented the instant the words had fallen from her lips. He was not one to rouse suspicion by any hasty move.

"As you will," he said at length, in a reluctant tone, as if the concession had been wrung from him. "In return, you will not change your abode without informing me?"

"You will find me keeping my promise in the slightest particular. Nay, I will endeavor to judge you fairly—and though I know well that my love can never change, my feelings may soften towards you."

"This woman here, Catherine Dawson, I think you call her, will be witness to our compact. For three months you are to allow me to call once or twice in a week. During this time you are to study me in an unprejudiced manner, so far as circumstances will allow, and not to be swayed from an impartial judgment by any representations of Mr. Tremaine's. If by that time I have gained no influence over you, I promise to abide by your decision. I think you cannot call me unreasonable."

It all looked very fair. Catherine had been paying the closest attention to discover anything like double-dealing—but though not altogether convinced of his uprightness, she could place her finger on no perceptible flaw.

"Yes," Dora answered, feebly, "I consent. And if you deal unfairly with me, Jasper Cameron, Heaven requite you in the same measure."

She looked at him intently with her earnest eyes, and saw no more evidence than Catherine had found.

"Rest assured that I shall keep my word."

"Go, now," she said, wearily. "I am tired and worn."

He bowed with respectful reverence, and slowly withdrew."

"Catherine!" she called, as Mrs. Dawson went to see her visitor safely out of the hall-door.

"Catherine"—in a low and hurried whisper—"ask him—how Mr. Tremaine took the blow—and anything else. I cannot—of him."

The woman found Mr. Cameron on the little porch.

"Does the doctor think her really improving?" he questioned with much eagerness. "She looked so worn and weak that my heart ached. It has quite unmanned me."

"I believe she will recover. If she could feel at ease in her mind."

"I was hard with her at first, but I could not think of relinquishing my claim; and she was still more severe with me. She cannot understand that I love her, have loved in spite of silence and absence."

"You told Mr. Tremaine this?" she asked, gravely.

"That I loved her? yes."

"And how did he bear it?"

She uttered the words slowly and with an effort.

"He was deeply shocked, and of course taken very much by surprise. I think—do you know him well?"

"I have known him for some time."

"Is he not rather—implacable? slow to forgive injuries? I judged as much from his demeanor. If she *could* forget him."

"She never will."

"He *may* overlook it in time,—at present he seems very rigid in his ideas—but the shock was great. One cannot blame him so deeply, though."

She had no more questions to ask. Jasper Cameron bowed airily and stepped into the street, glancing back once or twice.

"I fancy that will settle it," he said confidently to himself. "My course is about decided now. If I can make Colby come to terms, and keep Dora from Tremaine for a month or so. He's rather sharp, I take it. Well, I'll trust luck. The jade has befriended me so far, I must confess."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Letter to Mr. Post.

DEAR POST—You are hereby officially authorized to set down your correspondent Zig as an old idiot.

You thought she was dead, didn't you? If you thought a word about her at all, I will venture to say it was with the belief that your former friend, and always your obedient servant to command, had departed to those regions prepared for the souls of the good or bad, as the case might be. Did you picture her with a big funeral? Do you know I always fancied it would be an immense satisfaction to have a big funeral? Did you imagine me borne to my last resting-place by an elongated train of weeping second cousins, who shed tears copiously while the minister numbered my many virtues, especially when he had occasion to mention the notoriously amiable temper of the dear departed? And tell me, to whom did you think I willed my legacy of rejected manuscripts? I've an immense fortune in rejected manuscripts.

Did you bless yourself that you were done with me? It was all a mistake.

Though if I could have died for the winter and come to life again in the spring, as the snakes and lizards do, I'd have shuffled off this mortal coil in a minute. I was crazy enough to go and turn school-mistress again, and that's the whole story. You didn't think I'd do it, did you? No more did I. But my fate overtook me again. If a poor fellow is born to be hung he need never be afraid of dying from small-pox, need he? And if a woman is born to be a school-mistress, she needn't ever hope to escape her fate and be a Christian. Moreover, if half the people in this world are heathen, I believe it is not their fault, but their fate, that they are so.

My recent school-teaching experience has been just as bald, thankless, hard and ugly as it ever was in former days; and worst of all, I have not even the consolation of blaming anybody else for my having been at it again. It always was a comfort to me to blame other folks for my misfortunes.

And because of my own free will I again turned school-mistress, I would like to believe that, for the time being, I was an idiot. You remember a learned writer in a late number of *Putnam* slyly insinuates that you and I and all the rest of us have our little crazy streaks, running through our whole natures like the cross-grained twists of a curled maple. Said writist, to be sure, confesses that some people are so happy as to go through their mortal pilgrimage without ever having their crack-brainedness suspected, but they are crazy all the same. If people are "peculiar," it is not peculiarity, says Mr. Putnam, but only the cropping out of their layer of craziness; if a man is stingy, he isn't stingy, but crazy; if he has a vicious temper and raises dreadful rows, he must be pitied on account of his insanity. Nay, Mr. Putnam goes a step farther, and hints at a most fearful thought—faintly insinuates nothing less than that uncommon brightness of intellect is an indication of lunacy. It was Meinherr Goethe, wasn't it? who said that great genius was only great patience. Putnam improves on Meinherr Goethe; in short, hints that great genius is only great craziness! Did you ever!

But there is a world of comfort in the new theory, after all. Don't you see that whenever we do a foolish act, a stupid act, or a mean act, all we have to do is to slide the responsibility of it off our own shoulders to the crazy streak which has come down to us through our ancestors? I confess such a belief would afford great consolation to your correspondent.

Well, it must have been in one of those moments when the crazy part of me had the upperhand that I consented to go to Indianapolis and commence school-teaching. I tried once to write to you from there, but could not accomplish a syllable. My doleful occupation sapped my brains, withered my few ideas, shriveled me away to nothingness, and threw me into a muddle. Out of the depths of that muddle I tried to reach you, but the effort was too puny, and died in the mud.

It is all over now, though, and if ever I attempt the like again, I hope you will be kind enough to shoot me. It is all over now. I am no longer a school-mistress, and I hope these few lines will find you all enjoying the same blessing. My school-teaching has its moral. It is a forlorn moral, fatherless and motherless, which I found straying about the world and tackled because it suited me. And ye moral sayeth:

"The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are—it *is*, but it hadn't ought to have been."

Indianapolis has about 45,000 inhabitants, and is a handsome city in many respects. It is regularly laid out, in a fashion somewhat peculiar—(not crazy.) The main streets are very wide and straight, lying exactly with the four points of the compass. They say the streets are much wider than the streets in most Eastern cities. Probably because there is plenty of room out West here. In the centre of the city is a circular enclosure of several acres, surrounded by a high paling fence, and called the "Circle." Possibly the "Circle" was intended in the first place for a public park of some sort, but at present there is no discoverable way of going into it except by scaling the picket-fence, a method which your correspondent never attempted. On the western border of this Circle is the white frame church in which Henry Ward Beecher used to preach before he went East. The Indianapolis people report him as saying that he has never since felt the same life and freedom that he felt in Indianapolis. His former frame church is now transformed into the Indianapolis High School Building.

Branching off from near the aforesaid Circle north-east, south-west, south-east, north-west, are four "avenues," which cross the intersections of the regular streets at an angle of forty-five degrees, and split up the squares into the queerest, ugliest, most inconvenient shapes imaginable. Living on one of these avenues, you never can bring yourself square with the points of the compass. Moreover, a flat-iron is very useful, but it is not artistic, and if you had your free choice in an ornamental point of view, you would hardly be apt to lay off your front door-yard in the shape of that useful domestic article, peaking out to a point just where you want your front gate, and running its nose, long, slim and slender, out to the street corner. And that is one effect of Indianapolis avenues on front door-yards.

The churches of Indianapolis are probably the handsomest of any city in the West. All the newer churches are beautiful structures. That is to say, with one exception, decidedly and emphatically. The High Church Episcopalians have recently built an edifice which, as regards both height in feet and inches, and also architectural beauty, is certainly the very lowest church in Indianapolis. The extreme ritualists decided to break off from the old church, and have a building in which to worship according to the dictates of their own ideas. They had a perfect right to do so if they chose. So they met and held confabs. They called meetings, and discussed. They planned churches, and had churches planned for them. Finally they decided upon a building which was to be a joy forever. They built it. They christened it. They named it "St. Paul's Cathedral Church." And to-day St. Paul's Cathedral Church stands a monument of the composite style of architecture—a cross between a Dutch barn and a squatty wagon-shed. Folks have a right to build churches and give them highfalutin names. They also have an undoubted right to intone their prayers, if it is any satisfaction to them. But the question is hereby respectfully submitted whether folks have any right to build a church so ugly that it hurts other folks' eyes to look at it.

Many of the private residences in Indianapolis are also elegant and beautiful. They have a rare look of freshness and cleanness which is wonderfully attractive to a stranger from the more dingy, older cities. Then, too, the State Blind Asylum is justly noted out here among us. It is admirably conducted; and is particularly worthy of mention, because the superintendent of the asylum is himself a blind man.

But Indianapolis has its little drawbacks. Most places have. But Indianapolis has more than its share, in some ways. In the first place, it is at least twenty-five years behind the times. A country village of a tenth its size would be ashamed of its street crossings. Then again, with a perfectly level ground-surface, and White River running right alongside the city, there is not a vestige of water-works in the place. People get water from hard water wells and cisterns, which, as may be imagined, yield a liquid altogether indescribable. In the next place, Indianapolis gas, the kind for illuminating the streets at night I mean, is certainly the poorest, dimest, deadest gas in the country. Another drawback to the capital of Indiana, allow me to say, with all due deference to government officials, is the way its Post-office is managed. You never saw the like of carelessness! A disgusted sojourner in the city, declares that if a letter comes for you, and you go to the general delivery window three times a day for a week, and then tell the clerk you *know* the letter is there, maybe you will get it, but under any other circumstances, you won't get it at all. The disgusted sojourner is about right too.

Another drawback to this city, *they say*, is its Legislature. The Indiana Legislature meets but once in two years, and according to some authorities, that once is once more than the present Honorable body ought to have met. The country newspapers have unanimously abused it for its laziness, incapacity, and ignorance, from the first day of its existence till it naturally expired, last week. For myself, I am happy to say I don't know anything at all about it. Some friends and I, out lion-hunting, visited the Honorable body one day. Not being much accustomed to the sight of Honorable bodies, we couldn't say whether it is or is not the habit of Honorable bodies in general to have a dozen or twenty of their members on the floor at once, all yelling at the top of their voices—"Mr. *Speaker!* I rise to a point of order!" Nor whether their floors are all half-an-inch deep in pea-nut shells and apple-parings. Nor whether it is the custom of all Honorable bodies collectively and individually, to sit upside-down, with their Honorable heels elevated on the desk in front of them. Even the smallest pages,—Heaven send them better models! stretched their diminutive heels to the farthest possible extent, and perched them in the air to imitate the big guns. How they did need to be spanked into better manners!

And that is all I have space to tell you about the Honorable body. But for us who need not to trouble our heads with small affairs, it does not matter what the Indiana Legislature is or isn't. So we bid it farewell,

ZIG.

Romantic Young Lady.

Some weeks ago a young lady, the sister-in-law of a nobleman, living with him and his wife, suddenly disappeared from her home in Dublin, taking with her £1,700. All efforts to discover the fair fugitive were vain, and her family were kept in a painful state of uncertainty as to her fate, till an unexpected clue was given to her whereabouts, and she was traced to Glasgow, and from thence to Edinburgh, where she had set up by herself in handsome lodgings, and spent her time making excursions to objects of interest in the neighborhood. Her brother-in-law proceeded to Edinburgh, and, on his sudden appearance, the young lady received him calmly and without surprise, merely asking—"How are they all at home, my lord?" On being questioned as to her conduct, she said she was actuated by no motive but the morbid one of exciting a sensation—that she had felt the strongest desire to *disappear* since she had read the accounts of the Rev. Mr. Speke, and of the excitement produced by his rambling propensities. She was quite willing to return to her native country, and handed over to her brother-in-law the money she still had, having only spent about £150.

VEGETARIANISM.—Under the title of "A Gentle Vegetarian," the *London Punch* pictures an awful looking animal—a Hippopotamus or something of the kind—in the Zoological Garden, with a sweet young lady gazing at it. The animal is saying:—

"'Morning, Miss! Who'd ever think, looking at us two, that you devoured bullocks and sheep, and *I* never took anything but rice?"

☞ Reader, if you have an advertisement running through our own or any other good paper, you have tens of thousands of servants out at work for you, whether you wake or sleep, whether you be sick or well. No monarch's slaves ever scattered at his bidding so fleetly or faithfully, or in such bewildering numbers, as the literary messengers that bear your individual word to the people of this great nation.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 33 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply back numbers of THE POST to the first of the year. Additions can be made to clubs beginning at that time, at the club rates, and we will supply the back numbers. Of course it is necessary that all the subscriptions in a club should end at the same time.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

The Night Lamp.

There are many families who use night lamps, and through inability to provide gas, have been in the habit of burning kerosene oil, a very good thing when properly used. A few words on the subject of its use at night may prove interesting to the general reader. When the light of the kerosene lamp is turned down low the combustion is not perfect, and the atmosphere of the room becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also legitimate particles of smoke and soot thrown off, to be taken into the lungs of the occupants. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that the people are not immediately and fatally injured by breathing it. Its consequences are the unaccountable and mysterious headaches, irritation of the throat and lungs, dizziness and nausea.

OPERATION ON THE EYES.—The friends of the Rev. Mr. Milburn, the "Blind Orator," will be glad to learn that there is a probability of his recovering the use of his eyes. He has been recently under the care of the eminent Belgium oculist, Professor Von Graefe, who last December performed his first operation on the reverend gentleman's right eye. He cut a hole in it, inserted a hook, and withdrew the iris from the old pupil, with which to line the new—a process which took five minutes. In consequence of an inflammation which set in after this operation no further attempt can be made for some time. The next step will be to remove the crystalline lens, which it has been discovered is opaque.

☞ If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADY'S FRIEND. "The Fortune-Teller" is the subject of the fine steel engraving which leads off the April number. This is followed by a handsome and refined steel plate of the latest Paris fashions. Then we have a striking picture of an Avalanche among the Alps, followed by a number of engravings devoted to ladies' and children's dresses, bodices, fancy work, etc. The music for this number is the popular song, "Pulling hard against the Stream." As to the literary contents, that powerful and deeply interesting novelet, "Roland Yorke," by the gifted author of "East Lynne," and the spirited and fascinating story, "Between Two," by Miss Elizabeth Prescott, are continued; with the complete stories of "The Miracle of the Dice," by Mrs. Spofford; "Keeping Toll-Gate," by Miss Bolles (August Bell); "Eleanor Wyvern's Crown," by Leslie Walter; "Samuel Barker's Sister," by Frances Lee, and Editorials, Fashionable Intelligence, etc. Published by Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, at $2.50 a year (which also includes a large steel engraving). Four copies, $6. Five copies (and one gratis), $8. "The Lady's Friend" and "The Saturday Evening Post" (and *one* engraving), $4.00.

PRIME DU JOURNAL LES MODES PARISIENNES. Costumes de L'Epoque de Louis XVI. Dessins inedits de Compte-Calix; Graves par Braequet, Carrache, Lacourriere and Paquin. Paris, 20, Rue Bergere. For sale by John Penington & Son, Phila. This is a book of beautifully colored plates, showing the fashions at the time of Louis XVI. The designs are all from the pencil of Compte Calix, a well-known artist and frequent designer for the fashion magazines at Paris.

OUT OF THE STREETS. A Story of New York Life. By CHARLES GAYLER. Published by Robert M. De Witt, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. By Sir WALTER SCOTT. This volume contains "A Legend of Montrose," "The Talisman," "The Antiquary," "Red Gauntlet," "St. Ronan's Well." Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Turner Brothers & Co., Phila.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BYRON; and those of eye-witnesses of his life. By the Countess GUICCIOLI. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

PHINEAS FINN, The Irish Member. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Orley Farm," "Small House at Allington," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

JULIETTE; OR, NOW AND FOREVER. By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE GENERAL; OR, TWELVE NIGHTS IN THE HUNTERS' CAMP. A Narrative of Real Life. Illustrated by G. G. White. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The Rope-Untying Trick.

Everybody knows that the rope-untying trick was the specialty of the Davenport brothers, but everybody may not know that it was done infinitely better by the Indians of the Upper Missouri, long before either Jackson, Hartz, or the Davenports were born. A friend of ours, now residing in Alton, who spent many years of his early life as an Indian trader in the Yellow Stone Region, informs us that the Assiniboin tribe were remarkably skillful at this "spiritual manifestation." He has frequently seen their chief "medicine man" allow himself to be stripped to his breech clout, tied at every joint, from toes to neck, with buffalo thongs, then rolled in a blanket and tied again, then rolled in a buffalo robe and tied a third time, until he was apparently as helpless as a log. In this condition the "red-skinned medium" was placed in a small tent surrounded by a ring of spectators, and an Indian drum, flute, and a gourd of water laid by his side. Within three minutes the drum and flute would be heard, and at the end of five "Mr. Lo" walked out untrammeled. And the men who tied him were whites, who had bet heavily against the performance of the feat.

Du Chaillu.

The African traveller, while in an African village, resting after a long journey, had the good fortune to be considered a spirit by the old men of the tribes, and they desired that he should remain with them. Early one morning he was surprised to see between six and seven hundred young women of the tribe march up and form a circle around him. An old man, who appeared to be the orator, stated that as they wished to have him stay with them they had brought their young women to him so that he might choose a wife. The sable beauties appeared quite willing to make him happy, and so expressed themselves. Du Chaillu was cornered, but declined accepting, stating that as he was a good spirit, he did not wish to make all the others unhappy by choosing but one. The old men withdrew, at this poser, and consulted together. At length the orator of the occasion appeared and said:—

"We have seen it, Aguise, (spirit) you spoke what was true. If you took one the rest would be unhappy. Take them all."

Du Chaillu travelled the next morning.

☞ Columbus is divided in death. His body rests in an iron coffin beneath a church in St. Domingo, while his heart lies buried in Havana.

☞ The expedition to recover two millions of treasure from a Spanish ship sunk in the West India waters in 1750, will sail from New York soon. Documents recently discovered show the location of the ship.

☞ A western editor has got such a cold in his head that the water freezes on his face when he washes it.

☞ "Captain," said Ross Browne, "didn't you take over the first ship to China for the Company?" "Yes," replied Bradbury, "and I went as the man went over Niagara Falls." "How was that?" "Very reluctantly."

☞ Lay it down as a rule never to smile, nor in any way show approval of any trait in a child which you would not wish to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength.

☞ The Appleton (Wis.) Post says that salt mixed with a little butter sells readily there at thirty-five cents a pound.

☞ During a trial, in which the court had repeatedly ruled against the late James T. Brady, he blandly said: "May it please your honor, who's engaged on the other side of the case beside, the judge?"

Brigham Young's Harem.

A few steps up Maine Street from our hotel, a turn to the right, and we see the prophet's harem. The grounds occupied by Brigham are inclosed by a high wall, laid in cement. An eagle with spreading wings, clutching a beehive in his talons, is mounted over the gateway—emblematic of Brigham and the church. The main entrance faces the south. The grounds are well laid out, and there is an abundance of apple, pear, and peach trees. Grape-vines climb the walls and hang on trellises.

At the south-west corner of the grounds is the tithing office, where the tenth part of all that is produced in the territory passes into Brigham's hands. In rear of the tithing office are extensive sheds, where the saints find shelter while paying their tithing. Here also are several small buildings where Brigham's servants live—those employed about the premises.

A few steps east of the tithing office is a three-storied building, standing end to the road, large enough and long enough for a factory boarding-house. It has a steep shingled roof, with ten gabled windows on each side. On the balcony over the door is a crouching lion.

This is the harem. A covered passage leads from the ground floor to another building east, in which is the general business office of Brigham Young, and from which telegraph wires run to every hamlet in the territory. Another passage leads to the private office of Brigham—back of which is his private bedroom, where his concubines wait upon him—Amelia to-day, Emeline to-morrow, Lucy the day after.

Brigham's lawfully wedded wife was Mary Ann Angell—a native of New York—the mother of five children—Joseph, or "Joe," as he is called at Salt Lake, Brigham A., John, Alice, and Luna. She married the prophet while he was a young man, before he was a prophet, and with him accepted the revelations of Joseph Smith. She lives in a large stone building in the rear of the harem. Brigham does not often visit her now. The number of concubines in the harem is not known to the Gentile world. One report makes the number seventy, another gives only thirty. It is probable that the larger number includes those who are sealed to Brigham for eternity and not for time.

His first concubine is Lucy Decker. She is the lawful wife of Isaac Seely, mother of two children; but Brigham could make her a queen in heaven, and so, bidding good-by to Isaac, she became first concubine, and has added eight children to the prophet's household.

Her younger sister, Clara Decker, also aspired to be a heavenly queen, and became his second concubine, and is the mother of four children.

Miss Twiss has sandy hair, round features, blue eyes, low forehead, freckled face—but as she has no children, is not of much account in the eyes of the prophet. She looks after his clothes, sews buttons on his shirts, and acts the part of a housewife.

Emeline Free, as described by Mrs. Waite, wife of one of the United State Judges of the Territory, is the "light of the harem," tall, graceful, mild violet eyes, fair hair, inclined to curl. She was a lively young lady, and Brigham fell in love with her. Her father and mother were opposed to polygamy, but Emeline had ambitious projects, accepted his proposal, and became the favorite of the harem. The favor shown her brought on a row. The other concubines carried the jealousy to such a pitch that the prophet had a private passage constructed from his bedroom to Emeline's room, so that his visits to her and hers to him could be made without observation. She has contributed greatly to his glory in the future world, by presenting him with eight children in this.

Mrs. Augusta Cobb was formerly a Bostonian, became converted to Mormonism eighteen years ago, left her home, and accepted a position in the harem.

Mrs. Smith, a devout Mormon, wished to be sealed to Brigham for eternity, but the prophet did not care to make her a heavenly queen. He sealed her to Joseph Smith for eternity, and to himself for time.

One "poor unfortunate," Clara Chase, became a maniac, and has gone to where the wicked cease from troubling.

Amelia Folsom, a native of Portsmouth, N. H., is the mistress of the harem. She entered it on the 20th of January, 1863. She is about nineteen, and the prophet sixty-three. She has things pretty much her own way—a private box at the theatre, carriage of her own, silks, satins, a piano, parlor elegantly furnished. If the prophet slights her, she pays him in his own coin.

Such is an outline of this saintly household—thirty women or more and seventy or eighty children. Unless human nature is vastly different in Utah from what it is in other places, there must be many family jars. The outward appearance is of a peaceable and orderly community, but if there is a fraction of truth in common report, it is one of the saddest communities in the world. —*Carleton, in the Boston Journal.*

☞ Victor Hugo, who sets himself up as a general regulator of men and things throughout the world, published 34 of his spasmodic manifestoes last year.

☞ New York has a young lady who divides up her time in the most methodical manner, and never allows one duty to infringe upon the time devoted to another. Recently a friend called to gently break to her the intelligence of the death of her much beloved grandmother. The methodical young woman was affected even to tears, but drew forth her watch at the most touching point in the story, and begged her friend to cut it short, as in four minutes and twenty-two seconds she must practice with her dumb-bells.

☞ The following lines are inscribed on the tombstone of an infant buried at Lone Mountain Cemetery, California:—

Safer than in the nurse or mother's arms,
Free from all present and all future harms,
Mantled in sacred rest an infant sleeps,
And God himself the guardian station keeps.
Repose celestial! sleep supremely blest!
Who can look on, and envy not such rest?

☞ It is said that the Peace Society is about to take the opinion of the Alpine Club and the Institution of Civil Engineers, as to the best method of reducing the height of the Alps to below the line of perpetual snow. Their reason for wishing to do this is, that at present these mountains endanger the peace of Europe, as they give rise to piques, and produce coolness between France and Switzerland and Italy.

☞ A lady in this city, a few evenings since, engaged herself to twenty-two different gentlemen. But it was at a ball.

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

The Investigating Committee of the New York Legislature, appointed last winter, in relation to the bribery done or attempted in behalf of the Erie, Central, and other railroad companies, reports that some half a million dollars were paid by certain Erie Railway directors, and other sums by other companies. The report of the committee hints that two lobbyists got pretty much all of it—but we have entirely too much respect for the keen-sightedness of New York legislators to believe anything of the kind.

Of course railroad directors do not pay such enormous sums to legislators for nothing. For every dollar they spend in this way, they doubtless expect to receive three from somebody.

A Tough Snake Story.

A traveller in California tells a snake story which would be considered a tough one if he did not bring forward a naturalist of high standing to corroborate it. He says that rattlesnakes have a natural and most implacable enemy in a bird called by the Spaniards "Cona Comina." It has a body little larger than a robin red-breast, with very long legs, and can keep up in running with a horse on a fast trot. These birds always go in pairs. When they find the snake lying asleep in the sun, which they often do of a warm day, they run about and collect the burrs of the cactus, which dry and fall off the parent stem; they are about the size of an English walnut, and are covered with long sharp thorns; with these they "corral" or fence the snake within a circle. If he does not wake when the circle is completed they then collect other burrs, and hovering over him with one in their bill, drop them on the reptile, waking him up, when he attempts to escape. Finding that he cannot pass over the barrier, and irritated by the bayonets which have pierced him, he turns on himself, plants his fangs in his own flesh, and dies of his own venom.

The Banana.

Mr. Dilke believes that the banana plant is one of the great curses of tropical countries, because it will support life with no labor. It grows as a weed, and hangs down its bunches of ripe, tempting fruit into your lap as you lie in its cool shade. "It will make nothing; you can eat it raw or fried, and that is all; you can eat it every day of your life without becoming tired of its taste; without suffering in your health, you can live on it exclusively. The terrible results of the plentiful possession of this tree are seen in Ceylon, at Panama, in the coast-lands of Mexico, at Auckland, in New Zealand. At Pitcairn's Island the plantain-grove has beaten the missionary from the field; there is much lip Christianity, but no practice, to be got from a people who possess the fatal plant. The much-abused cocoa-nut cannot come near it as a devil's agent."

☞ You and your wife should be *one*," said a friendly adviser to a henpecked husband. "Be *one!*" exclaimed henpecked; "why, we are *ten* now." "How so?" "*She's* 1 and *I'm* 0."

☞ Miss Mary Harris, who was tried and acquitted for the murder of Burroughs, at the Treasury Department, a few years since, is now an inmate of the Insane Asylum near Washington. After her acquittal she went to Richmond and lived quietly there for some time with a lady friend, when one of her peculiar spells came upon her, in which she attempted to shoot another man for some real or fancied wrong. She was sent to the Asylum, where she has ever since remained, apparently a contented prisoner.

☞ Until we can be satisfied that we are drinking pure wine, it is useless to undertake to say what the effect of drinking pure wine might be.

☞ Thirty or more ladies of Southampton spent an evening in the post-office, recently, knitting, sewing, reading and discussing the news. They went to see what attraction their husbands found in the place, and were highly amused at the astonishment of their masculine friends when they arrived and found their places filled. Although hospitably entertained by the postmaster, they wondered why the gents should prefer spending their time there rather than at their own firesides.

☞ That parents have children unlike themselves is shown by the fact that the eldest daughter of Dame Fortune is Miss Fortune.

☞ An exchange has a correspondent who asks, "What shall we do in heaven to employ our time?" Probably some men will loaf about the corners and smoke.

☞ "If you had eighty years to live, how would you spend it so as to be perfectly happy here below?" asks a French writer, and answers it himself: "The first thirty years as a pretty woman, thirty more as a great general, and the rest as a bishop."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been quiet; sales 3500 bbls City Mills at $5@5,50 for superfine; $6@6,50 for extra; $6,50@7,25 for Northwest extra family; $7@8 for Penna extra family; $8@9,50 for Ohio family, and $10@12 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour, 400 bbls sold in lots at $7,25@8 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat has been dull. About 30,000 bus fair to prime Penna and Western red sold at $1,55@1,60; 15,000 bus amber at $1,65@1,75, 10,000 bus white at $1,80@1,95, and 5000 bus California at $1,85@1,90 ₱ bus. Rye; 7000 bus Penna and Western sold at $1,35@1,36 ₱ bus. Corn; 40,000 bus yellow sold at 97@99c, and 12,000 bus Western mixed at 87@90. Oats; 50,000 bus sold at 72@73c for Western and 69@69c ₱ bus for Penna and Southern. 2000 bus Barley sold at $2,15@2,20, and 2500 bus Malt at $2,10 ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market has been more active. Sales of mess Pork at $32@32,50. Mess Beef sells at $21@22,50 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17½@18½c; Shoulders at 15@15½c. Green Meats—Sales of 1200 tcs pickled Hams at 17½@17½c, and Shoulders at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of 250 bbls and tcs Western at 10½@10c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@28c and prime roll at 28@31c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 21@22c.

COTTON—About 900 bales of middlings sold at 28½@29c for Uplands, and 29½c for New Orleans.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₱ 100 lbs $1,20@1,25; mixed do $1,20@1,25; inferior do $1,10@1,15, and Straw $1,25@1,40.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 7@12c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is rather less doing. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $41@42, and No. 2 at $39@40. Scotch Pig sells at $42@42,50 ₱ ton, and Glendon at $37. Manufactured Iron commands $82,50@87 ₱ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—3730 bus Cloverseed sold at $9,75@10,50. Timothy; 930 bus sold at $3,62½. Flaxseed is selling at $2,65 ₱ bus.

WOOL—There is very little doing. Sales of 80,000 lbs at 53½c for extra; 51½c for fine; 52@53c for one half blood; 53@54c for one-quarter blood; 47@48c for common; 52@55c for tub; 55@57c for unwashed, and 45@48c for pulled, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from 9½@9½ cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 60 ₱ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 7@8½c ₱ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $15,50 to 16,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

CAPABILITIES OF PARROTS.—Paul de Chaillu, in a recent lecture, gives a singular evidence of the teachableness of parrots in the wild state in Africa. One which he had taught to talk, also taught some twenty others therein by itself, and some of these, escaping, taught others in the forest, and he heard a flock of them chattering on the top of a tree one day, to his astonishment.

☞ An Englishman named Gilbert, has written a new life of Lucrezia Borgia, "illustrated by unpublished documents." It is an attempt to make her out an injured and irreproachable female.

Barnett's Florimel is a perfume not loudly advertised, but loudly praised.

☞ A venerable lady recently brought to Concord, Mass., a silver dollar, which she had kept for thirty-five years, to change it for currency, and found it a counterfeit. She had enjoyed a long delusion.

A Malarious Month.

March, that gives us a new President, is also the inaugural month of many harrassing disorders. Entangled in its fogs are the seeds of coughs, colds, and of that alternation of frigidity and fire, more widely known than admired, called fever and ague. The only way to avoid these "little unpleasantnesses," is to render the system strong enough to fight off the atmospheric poison that produces them, and the best way to endow it with this repellant power is to tone it with HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

If a wayfarer were credibly informed that a ruffian was waiting at the next corner, he would doubtless turn in his tracks, and take a safer route to his destination. With just about the same amount of trouble, the attacks of diseases prevalent at this season may be evaded. Nay, the trouble will be less, for drug stores lie in every one's route, and every respectable druggist in the Union keeps on hand HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. The article is a staple of trade, and it would be as easy to find a grocery without sugar, as the store of an apothecary without this popular tonic remedy.

In view of the experience of the nation with regard to the article, during the space of twenty years, it seems almost unnecessary to recapitulate its merits to Americans. But as our population is increasing at the rate of a couple of millions a year, in the natural way and by immigration, it may be as well to hint to the rising generation and new arrivals, (the old settlers know all about it,) that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the most wholesome and potent vegetable tonic ever manufactured; that it is a specific for debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, and miasmatic fevers; that it prevents, as well as cures, these complaints and their complications; that it is not "bad to take," and is absolutely harmless.

mar6-4t

☞ Each ant in an ant-hill knows his companions. Mr. Darwin several times carried ants from one hill to another, inhabited apparently by tens of thousands of ants; but the strangers were invariably detected and killed. Thinking that there might be a family odor by which they were recognized, he put some ants from a very large nest into a bottle strongly perfumed with assafœtida, and restored them after twenty-four hours. At first they were threatened by their companions, but soon recognized and allowed to pass.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-1f

☞ A novel manœuvre is practised by the French troops in garrison at Lyon. At the sound of the bugle the soldiers spread themselves out in the plain in two lines. Throwing off their knapsacks, the men of the second line pass them to those of the first, who, placing them on their own, form a rampart, behind which both lines lie down. The men of the first line begin firing, while those of the second line supply them with cartridges, and confine themselves to that occupation.

HOYT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

☞ The recently corrected error in the computed distance of the sun was caused by an error in its parallax of one-third of a second. That is, the error was about that which would be made by a rifleman who should attempt, at a distance of 20 miles, to shoot at the right edge of a copper cent, and should hit it by mischance on the left edge.

No Ulcer, Cancer, or Fever Sore

but can be radically cured by the use of Wolcott's PAIN PAINT. Dr. Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, which is unlike Pain Paint, cures that disgusting disease, Catarrh. Flint bottles $1. Recollect, 'tis put up in white wrappers. mar27-3t

☞ A newly arrived English family were lately gazing at a shop window in Rockford, Ill. Little Girl—"Oh, mamma! is that a 'on?" Mamma—"No, my child, that is a howl." Father—"No, my wife and daughter, that is neither a 'on nor a howl—but it is a beagle, the hemblem of this blarsted country!"

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT have relieved more suffering and pain than all the other remedies known at the present day. The Ointment for old sores and ulcers, and the Pills for dyspepsia and bilious complaints, are unequalled.

☞ London has a young ladies' boarding-school, where the girls are always "falling in love." The principal says she cures the attacks by close confinement and doses of senna tea. She says the tea never fails. Sometimes the girl gives in after a few doses, but usually it takes two or three days, and in one case she was a whole week effecting a cure. For a school girl's "calf love," she declares there is nothing like senna tea.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. Herman L. Duhring, Mr. WILLIAM C. DAVIS to Miss KATE S. WINTERS, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. ALEXANDER MILLER to Miss KATE CORNWALL, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. SHELLY BRIDLER to Miss ANNIE M. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. DAVID MOORE to Mrs. MARY REAGER, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Theo. Stevens, Mr. HENRY T. PAIS to Miss ELIZA A. CUSWORTH, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, D. D., ELMER E. BECK to EMMA C. HOPKINS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, Mr. THOMAS ALLISON, in his 67th year.

On the 16th instant, JOHN W. WATSON, aged 47 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHNSON SMITH, in his 53d year.

On the 15th instant, HENRY G. SMITH, in his 59th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH CLARK, in her 80th year.

On the 14th instant, CELIA M., wife of Henry M. Holloway.

On the 14th instant, JOHN Y. BECHTEL, in his 61st year.

On the 14th instant, ELIZABETH M., wife of John Marshall, aged 67 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. OSCAR C. M. CAINES, aged 61 years.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Secrets of the Great City,

A Work descriptive of the VIRTUES and the VICES, the MYSTERIES, MISERIES and CRIMES of New York City.

If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; how Shrewd Men are ruined in Wall street; how Countrymen are swindled by Sharpers; how Ministers and Merchants are Black mailed; how Dance Halls and Concert Saloons are Managed; how Gambling Houses and Lotteries are conducted; how Stock and Oil Companies Originate and how the Bubbles Burst, read this work. It contains 36 fine engravings; tells all about the Mysteries and Crimes of New York, and is the Spiciest and Cheapest work of the kind published.

ONLY $2.50 PER COPY.

☞ Send for CIRCULARS and SEE OUR TERMS, and a full description of the work. Address, JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION.—Inferior works of a similar character are being circulated. See that the books you buy contain 36 fine engravings and sell at $2.50 per copy. fe11-4f

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£150,000,000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Wills searched for. All Letters must be pre-paid. GUN & CO., fe12-3m Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency, No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

$100 REWARD $100

If my Cough Mixture will not cure any kind of Coughs, Colds, or Consumption, and heal the Lungs. Receipt sent for One Dollar. J. SMITH, M. D. Clinton Mills, Clinton Co., N. Y. mar27-2t

GREATLY INCREASED DEMAND for the *MENDENHALL IMPROVED SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM* sold by H. T. THOMAS (successor to A. B. GAYNE & Co.,) who has now improved and perfected the above Loom, so that Rag Carpets, Satinet, Jeans, Linseys, Tweed Balmoral Skirting and numerous other styles, with the Fly Shuttle can be woven by simply turning an easy crank at the rate of 20 to 30 yards per day by a girl or boy thirteen or fourteen years of age.

For testimonials, circulars, samples of cloth, price list, &c., address with stamps H. T. THOMAS, 29 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Also supplies warp on beam or in chain for cloth or carpet reeds, harness, shuttles, bobbins, &c., &c. feb6-3m

SENT FREE!

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CATALOGUE OF SEEDS

AND GUIDE TO

FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Every lover of flowers wishing this new work, free of charge, should address immediately M. O'KEEFE, SON, & CO., Ellwanger & Barry's Block, Rochester, New York. mar13-3t

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Bad seed is an aggravation and loss. Send for catalogue of Reliable Seeds to JOHN S. IVES, mar20-2t Seed Grower, Salem, Mass.

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Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address, DRS. BABCOCK & SON, mar20-3m 700 Broadway, New York.

$20 A DAY to male and female agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $30 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only licensed Shuttle Machine in the market sold for less than $60.

All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment.

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$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS.—Wanted First Class Agents Male and Female. We have nothing for curiosity seekers, but *steady* and very *profitable* employment for those who *really* mean business either *Ladies* or *Gents*. For full particulars by return mail, address enclosing a 3 cent stamp, C. L. VANALLEN & CO., 48 New St., New York City. oct3-6m

TO MY DREAM-CHILD.

"All is nothing—and less than nothing! The children of Alice call Bartram father."
—*Charles Lamb's Dream-Children.*

Little one! I lie f' the dark
With thy sweet lips pressed to mine;
My hot, restless pulses meeting
Thy still heart's slow, quiet beating,
In a calm divine.

On my breast thy bright hair floats;
Well its memoried hue I know!
And thine eyes if thou wert raising,
They would answer to my gazing
Looks of long ago.

Fairy hand, that on my cheek
Falls with touch as dove's wing soft,
I can feel its curves, resembling
One that, like a young bird trembling,
Lay in mine so oft.

Thou wilt spring up at my feet,
Flower-like—beautiful and mild;
Gossips, too, on me bestowing
Flattery sweet, will say, "Thou'rt growing
Like thy father, child."

No! I would not have my face
Imaged, blessed one! in thine;
I, who crushed out all my being
In one love—and poured—clear-seeing—
My heart's blood like wine.

I have given thee a name,
What name—none shall ever know;
When I say it, there come thronging
A whole life-time's aim and longing,
And a life-time's wo.

Ah, that word!—I wake—I wake—
And the light breaks cold and bare;
Bright one—never born, yet dying
To my love, without replying—
Dream-child, melt to air!

Eyes, no wife shall ever kiss,
Arms, no child shall ever fill,
Lift I up to Heaven, beseeching
Him who sent this bitter teaching,
Be it as He will!

Not as man sees, seeth God;
Not as man loves, loveth He;
When the drug-stained lips are failing,
When the tear spent eyes are veiling,
Dawns eternity.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 8.

HOSPITALITY.

The next day after the glorious transfiguration of our Saviour on the mount, He walked with His disciples toward Jerusalem; and intending to pause for a while, in a village of the Samaritans, He sent messengers before, to make ready for His reception. But "the Samaritans," says the inspired writer, "did not receive Him, because His face was as though He would go to Jerusalem."

At this refusal, His disciples were justly indignant; not alone because of the recent manifestation of His glory as the incarnate Messiah, of which they knew, of course, that others beside themselves were wholly ignorant; but mainly, because as *strangers* and *travellers*, they were, by generally received usage, *entitled* to the hospitality that had been so churlishly refused them. They did not expect here, more than elsewhere, that their Master would be received as a *princely* or *divine* personage—they simply claimed for Him and for themselves, the lodging and refreshments that *any* tired pilgrim had a right to receive; and when He whom they recognized as their long-expected Messiah, and whom some of their number had so recently heard pronounced "THE SON OF GOD," was refused the ordinary rights of the poorest and humblest *man*, we cannot wonder at the indignation that would have commanded "fire to come down from Heaven and consume" the offenders. Luke ix. 54. When Jesus, with His accustomed meekness, rebuked His followers, it was doubtless for the spirit they manifested, and because, as shown by the following verse, His purpose in coming into our world, was not to contend for the rank or position He might at any moment have assumed as His legitimate right, but to take "the lowest place," to become "servant of all," and "give Himself a ransom for many."

That our Lord fully recognized the claims of hospitality, and the *right* of His servants in common with others to demand it, is evident from the instructions given to His apostles on other occasions; and when "the seventy" were sent forth, "two and two," as forerunners of the Lord, "into every city and place whither He Himself would come," they were directed to "take neither purse nor scrip," but to enter into a house after a salutation, and there to continue, "eating and drinking such things as were set before them." The direction to "inquire who in it is worthy?" would seem to have no reference whatever to *moral* worthiness, but to fitness or appropriateness—meaning simply, inquire who in the town is able to bear the expense of your maintenance for a few days, without personal inconvenience; and when you have found such a one, there abide till you leave the city or town, content with such living as he is able or willing to offer—not wasting time or giving offence, by going from house to house in search of better accommodations.

But while thus allowing His messengers to avail themselves of the ordinary courtesies of the countries where they journeyed, the Divine Redeemer forbade the trespassing on those whose limited means might compel them to borrow from another, to meet even the wants of a single traveller, as in the case mentioned in Luke xi. 5—7, and He therefore directs discrimination in selecting a host. It was doubtless to the general custom of entertaining strangers, that the apostle John alludes in his 2d Epistle, 10th verse, exhorting "the elect lady" not to receive into her house, nor forward by kindness or good wishes, the rejectors or opposers of the risen Saviour, lest by so doing, she should seem to aid them in their "evil deeds." St. John makes another reference of the same sort, in the 5th verse of his third Epistle, commending Gaius for his hospitality to the brethren and to strangers.

The divine precept, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," directly enjoins this duty as binding on all; and it was in the exercise of this hospitality, that Abraham and Lot and other worthies of the olden time, "entertained angels unawares."

When Abraham sat in the door of his tent, in the heat of the day, and the "three men" suddenly appeared before him, he did not demur a moment in pressing upon them the hospitalities of his house, but "*ran to meet them*," and *prayed* them to enter, and *receive* water and food at his hand. They were utter strangers, he knew not whence they came, nor have we any reason for thinking that the Patriarch even suspected their divine character or mission. He merely offered with true oriental politeness and genuine Christian courtesy the usual hospitalities of his nation and country.

Job, (Chap. xxxi. 17,) in vindication of his own integrity, calls God to witness that *he has not eaten his morsel alone*, but has shared it with the fatherless. And he adds, in verse 32nd, "the stranger did not lodge in the street, but I opened my doors to the traveller."

To the present day, this hospitality is universal among oriental nations; and no traveller in the East, can fail to notice the invariable kindness with which a stranger guest is always and everywhere received and entertained.

Nor is this all,—future protection is guaranteed to those who have once been sheltered under the roof of an oriental; and to such an extent is this carried by the Arabs and some other nations, that even a dumb animal taking refuge under the shade of their tents, they would esteem it disgraceful to yield up to its pursuers; whilst blood is often spilt and wealth poured out like water in the maintenance of this principle. A story is related of Bahram Ghor, afterwards King of Persia, which serves to illustrate how deeply interwoven with the strongest impulses of an Arab's nature, is his sense of obligation to protect whatever has fled to him for refuge.

Prince Bahram, while a young man, passed much of his time in Arabia, roaming over its extensive deserts, and occasionally amusing himself with the chase. While thus engaged one day, he encountered a doe, so wonderfully swift of foot, that the Prince, though mounted on an Arabian steed of more than ordinary fleetness, could never get within shot of her. The chase lasted several hours, till the poor terrified animal, faint with heat, and half dead with fatigue, fled in despair to an encampment of Arabs, and cowered down in one of the tents. Prince Bahram followed at full speed, and reining up at the door of the tent, called out to the occupant, to give up the doe. "The arrow that is now set in your bow, must first go through my heart," said the indignant Arab; "and even then, you will not escape the vengeance of my people. You may take my horse that stands at the door, if you will, or anything else that belongs to me; but not a hair of this doe shall you touch, whilst I live to protect her. When did an Arab ever betray his guest?" And looking scornfully at the man who had supposed him capable of such an act of baseness, the indignant Arab folded his arms, and in sullen silence awaited the result. The Prince, recollecting the habits of the people, and struck with admiration at the courage and humanity of the hospitable Bedouin, turned away and departed without any farther effort to obtain possession of the doe. And when he afterwards succeeded to the throne of Persia, he sent for the Arab, and placed him in a position of honor and wealth, near himself; well assured that he was one who could be trusted.

Another story is told of a Provincial Governor of Arabia, who had loaned a large sum of money to a merchant, to be refunded in a short time. The merchant being unsuccessful in business, was not able to repay the money at the time appointed. More time was given with a like result; and after repeated promises and delays, the poor fellow was arrested by the Governor's order, and thrown into prison. Here he was treated with great cruelty, and release seemed impossible; but at length he prevailed on the officer to take him into the presence of the Governor, as he had a communication of importance to make. It so happened, as the merchant had hoped it would, that they reached the gubernatorial residence just as dinner was served; and the officer taking a seat at the table, placed the prisoner near him. As there were many other guests, the Governor did not observe them till the meal was nearly ended, when looking up and seeing who they were, he said—"Since this man has sat at my board, and eaten of my bread, it would be a violation of the rites of hospitality to take further steps against him; so I forgive him the debt—let him be set at liberty."

FAITHFUL.

Oh friendships falter when misfortunes frown;
The blossoms vanish when the leaves turn brown;
The shells lie stranded when the tide goes down—
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
The grass grows greenest where the rain drops fall,
The vine clasps closest to the crumbling wall,
So love blooms sweetest under sorrow's thrall.
I love you, darling, only you!

The early robin may forget to sing,
The loving mosses may refuse to cling,
Or the brook to tinkle at the call of spring,
But you, dear heart, are ever true.
Let the silver mingle with your hair of gold,
Let the years grow dreary and the world wax old,
But the love I bear you will ne'er grow cold;
I love you, darling, only you.

☞ A Dubuque tobacco merchant having been bored a long time by deadheads, quietly removed the jar of fine-cut to another place, the other day, and in lieu thereof introduced one of the same size partly filled with molasses. As usual, says the Herald, the tobacco chewers came around. They edged up to the counter in usual routine, reached over and soused their fists into the molasses, whereupon they sneaked out, wiping their hands on their coat tails and breeches legs, all the while keeping "mum," but kept a terrible thinking. Those acquainted with the plot were watching the manœuvering from a distance, and not until a dozen or more of the "chewers" got sweetened did the joke leak out.

☞ Cicero gives expression to a very beautiful thought when he says, "I go from life as from an inn, not as from home."

Curious Anecdotes of Parrots.

The varieties of parrots best known in this country, and generally kept, are six in number, namely, parrots, cockatoos, macaws, parrakeets, love birds, and lories, though these latter are more rarely kept, on account of their not being so proficient in speaking as most of the other kinds, though their plumage is exceedingly gay and beautiful.*

It is said that macaws are the best talkers of the whole species, providing they are reared from the nest. And not only are they able to talk, but they also sing in a peculiar, soft voice. Though perhaps not in volume, certainly in sweetness and softness, they are excelled by various kinds of parrakeets, particularly the green or grass parrakeet. While the cockatoo is the hardiest of the parrot tribe, and the most easily tamed, it is at the same time the most difficult to teach to talk at all. Its disposition is, however, more gentle, and its obedience more implicit, than that of the other species. The gray or ash-colored African parrot is very docile, and receives its lesson with great aptitude, hence it is the most general favorite, though the common green Amazon parrot, from the little attention it requires, and being easily taught to speak, shares the favor bestowed upon the gray-colored one.

The writer of this article has in his possession a green parrot which has an extraordinary fluency in its conversation and variety of expressions, so much so that it is hoped the bird will take a prize at the ensuing show at the Crystal Palace. As soon as its owner opens the door of the room in which it is usually kept, in a most natural voice it exclaims, "Pa, dear, come and kiss your pretty green beauty; or if its master knocks at the door, it immediately shouts, "Come in, come in, pa, and give us a kiss, and a thousand more." This done, the parrot shouts "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah! three cheers for the Queen;" and instantly begins to dance to the tune, "Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea," repeating, or rather singing, the words perfectly. Again, she frequently says, "Let the dear waiter bring pretty Polly a pot of beer, for she really wants her dinner," and numbers of similar observations, such as "Who'll give thirty guineas for the pretty green beauty, then she will ride in her carriage, the dear!" or again, "Oh, you cookey rough, why did you promise to marry me, and didn't?" This bird is most affectionate, and never allows its master to leave the room without giving it a kiss or shaking its feet. It has a lovely green plumage and belongs to that variety which is not commonly supposed to talk, namely, the parrakeets, but it is said when they do talk they excel all the rest of the tribe.

My brother-in-law, captain of a large sailing vessel, which frequently touched at the ports on the western coast of Africa, at different times possessed two gray parrots, one of which, from having had some hot water thrown on its head accidentally, lost all its feathers permanently. Being frequently asked what was the cause of his strange bald pate, he used to reply, "I was scalded;" but whenever he saw an old gentleman passing by in the street or enter into the room with a bald head, he would be sure to shout out, with a correct changing of the grammar, "You have been scalded," and then turning to the company, he would add, "He's been scalded."

Another of his parrots had been brought up by one of the sailors, but unfortunately had been taught to swear in a most horrible manner. My brother-in-law had him ducked in water well whenever he heard him swear. This tended to cure him of the habit; but one day a man was washed overboard, and upon the body being recovered and placed on the deck, the parrot hopped round it several times, shaking its head from side to side gravely, and saying, "You've been swearing, you've been swearing."

This reminds me of what once occurred in a clergyman's family. The bishop of the diocese had been holding a confirmation in the neighborhood, and was lunching at a rectory with several of his clergy. In the middle of lunch, one of those dreadful pauses in the conversation took place. No one seemed able to break it, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all present, a most horrible swearing tongue poured forth a torrent of blasphemy and abuse upon the assembled guests. Every one looked aghast at these unusual sounds, and for a minute or two the cursing and swearing continued uninterrupted; for though every one looked at his neighbor, the mystery was not cleared until the hostess, hastily rising from the table, and drawing aside a muslin curtain from the window, discovered the offender in the person of a gray parrot, whom that morning she had purchased at the door from a travelling bird dealer, and, thinking to show off her new acquisition, had hung in the room.

I have recently found an extremely good story of a parrot, which is vouched for as true in the strictest sense. A tradesman occupying a shop in the Old Bailey, just opposite to the prison (Newgate,) possessed two parrots, a gray and a green one, which had been taught to speak. When a knock was heard at the street-door the green parrot used to speak; but when the street-bell was rung, then the gray parrot answered. Now the house in which their owner lived had one of those old-fashioned projecting porches, so that when a person stood on the same side of the street as the door he could not see the first floor. One day the parrots had been hung outside the first-floor window, and so hidden from a person approaching the door. A person knocked at the street-door. "Who's there?" said the green parrot. A reply was made, "The man with the leather." The bird answered, "Oh! oh!" and then became silent. After waiting some time, and not finding the door opened, the person knocked a second time. "Who's there?" repeated the green parrot. "Who's there!" cried the man outside, "why don't you come and open the door?" "Oh! oh!" repeated the parrot. This so enraged the man that he furiously rang the bell! "Go to the gate," shouted out a new voice, which proceeded from the gray parrot. "To the gate!" repeated the man, not seeing one, "What gate?" "Newgate!" responded the gray parrot; which so enraged the man that, stepping back into the road to have a view of his mockers, he saw for the first time he had been outwitted and teased simply by a couple of parrots.

A great friend of mine, captain of a merchant vessel trading between East India and England, had several parrots of different kinds. He told me the other day that one of his cockatoos was his constant companion when writing, that it never disturbed him or tore his papers as parrots are apt to do, but, sitting by the inkstand on the table, watched with evident attention each movement of the pen. From some accidental cause, my friend thought by paint poisoning, it lost its feathers one by one, until it became quite naked, and gradually wasted away. One day, while my friend was writing, it suddenly hopped on to the paper, and pressing its face against his cheek said, "Your cookey's so very ill, your cookey's so very ill." This quite affected my friend, who, wrapping up the bird in flannel, tried to preserve its life, but in vain. After murmuring "Your cookey's so very ill" several times, it died. And the more extraordinary part of the story is that my friend had no recollection of ever having used these words before the bird, nor could he learn that any of the sailors had taught it to repeat them. It seemed as if the parrot was enabled to give utterance to his feelings at the right time, in words heard previously in the ship or on shore.

Another person of my acquaintance was very fond of pets, and had a number of rabbits, guinea pigs, and other pets confined on a large grass-plot. Among these animals a fine rose-crested cockatoo used to wander, not only fearlessly, but without inflicting any injury to the rest of the animals. One day my friend procured a large white Angola rabbit, which he placed with the others on the grass-plot. The new arrival attracted the attention of the cockatoo, who straightway walked towards the rabbit. It did not seem afraid of the approach, as, being white like itself, perhaps it thought there was some affinity between them. When the cockatoo had drawn quite close to the rabbit, he put his beak to the ear of the animal, and shouted out, "Who are you?" My friend roared at the consternation such a salute caused to the rabbit, who bounded off at full speed to the farther end of the enclosure.

Parrots are very particular about their food. An old lady once told me that the servant, whose place it was to supply the bird with oatmeal porridge neglected to do so one morning; accordingly, the mistress put in its cup some soaked bread. He looked at it for some time, tasted it once or twice, sat and apparently considered the matter; and then, dashing his bill in, he threw it all out, first on one side, then on the other, saying between each sputtered mouthful, "Nasty mess, nasty mess." The same bird heard its mistress say one day, "Oh dear! I have lost my purse!" and immediately exclaimed, "How very provoking!"

Perhaps, after all, the parrot that belonged to O'Keefe, the actor, was the most remarkable ever known in England. Among other accomplishments, it would sing "God save the king" through, without missing a single word or losing the tune. While doing so it would also keep time, moving its head from side to side in a perfect manner. This bird could never be induced to sing on Sunday. Various tricks were played it to effect this purpose; it was kept in confinement, placed in darkness, etc., etc., but all devices failed. It was never known to sing on the Lord's day. King George III. heard of the fame of this parrot, and of its proficiency in singing the national anthem, and resolved to witness its performance in person. This was arranged, but not a note would the bird utter in the presence of the king. Disconcerted and disappointed, the king turned away; but no sooner had his Majesty reached the threshold, than the parrot, in a peculiarly sweet tenor voice, commenced "God save the king." His Majesty turned, and with hand raised to keep silence among the attendants, listened in rapt attention to the bird's song, which is said to have been perfect. He offered O'Keefe a large sum of money for the parrot, but it was refused. Its owner was often in difficulties, being of an extravagant disposition, and resorted to the strange expedient of raising money by pawning poor Poll. He always redeemed it, however, and regained possession. It is said that when this bird died its skin was purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, while the skeleton is preserved in the museum at Oxford.

Another friend of mine possesses a parrot who always discriminates between the sexes and condition of life of its master's visitors. If the gentlemen comes well-dressed, he is invariably saluted with, "What a get up! what a swell you are!" If an old lady, "Oh, what a fright! what a pair of nut-crackers!" If a young lady, he begins to kiss and fondle, and says, in a most soothing tone, "Is she not nice? is she not nice?" but when a clergyman appears, he instantly, in the gravest and most solemn tones, such as forbid, at the moment, any feeling of levity, addresses him with the words, "Let us pray; let us pray," with a pause between the sentences.

The anecdotes about parrots are so extremely numerous that it is difficult to decide which are the best and most likely to please, but at the risk of plagiarism I must transcribe the following, which I have lately met with:—"An American parrot that had been taught to whistle in the way which generally attracts the notice of dogs, was sitting in his cage one day at the shop door, whistling with all his might. By chance a large dog passed by. The animal, imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about and ran towards the cage of the parrot. This movement rather alarmed the bird, who instantly screamed out, 'Get out you brute,' which caused the astonished dog to hastily retreat, leaving those in the shop convulsed with laughter at the joke."

In a country town in the centre of England, before the railroad passed through it, enabling the inhabitants to reach the metropolis and seaside places of amusement, many little card parties were formed during the winter evenings. An old lady, aged eighty-five, tells me the following story. One night her mother had one of these parties. A parrot which they had (it only died a few years ago, certainly nearly 100 years old) had been noisily calling for cake and bun all tea-time, and at last settled itself to sleep, as it was thought. The whist tables were placed, and during the game little was said. When the supper tray arrived, the time came for settling the winnings and losings. There was a dispute about some points, and the stakes being high, one or two of the party lost their temper. Suddenly they were astonished to hear the supposed asleep parrot exclaim, "Curse your cards, ladies, curse your cards." Instantly a feeling of awe spread over the party, differences of opinion were smoothed, and the whole company parted better friends. My aged informant told me that as the story spread it became exaggerated, but nevertheless it produced a very beneficial result among the card-playing community, who ever after observed more decorum in their parties.

Some of these anecdotes seem to imply the existence of more than merely imitative power. I do not discuss puzzling questions about instinct or reason in animals, but I expect that my anecdotes are but specimens of many well-attested facts concerning parrots.

E. H. C.

*The parrots of Asia and Africa were known to the Greeks and Romans more than two thousand years ago, and we find frequent mention of their powers of mimicry in such writers as Plutarch and Euripides; and we have occasional mention also that they were favorites in the palaces of kings and princes. About the time of our Saviour's birth, frequent notice is found in the writers of that day of parrots and macaws. Ovid, for instance, speaks of the emerald hue of their plumage, while Pliny draws attention to their rose-colored collar and brilliant green plumage.

Anecdotes of General Jackson.

The following interesting reminiscences of the "old hero of the hermitage," from the pen of Col. T. B. Thorpe, (Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter,) recently appeared in the New York Times:—

General Jackson not only stood by his friends, but he was slow to believe anything against those in whom he put confidence. One of the most honored and oldest citizens now residing in Washington informed us that just after his arrival in that city, then a young man, Mr. Woodbury, then Secretary of the Treasury under Gen. Jackson, said to him that he was on his way to the "White House," to inform the general that one of his especial appointees was a defaulter. Mr. Woodbury said further, that the general was slow to believe anything against his friends, and that he expected that he, the general, would say or do something unpleasant when he heard the statement. Mr. Woodbury then took our informant along on the pretence of introducing him to the President, but really to divide the expected fire that would be evolved by the real business of the contemplated interview. The general was found in his favorite room, with his feet against the mantel, enjoying the heat of a hickory wood fire, and the solace of his favorite corn cob pipe. Mr. Woodbury, after a few unimportant remarks, at last stated the object of his visit. The moment the general comprehended Mr. Woodbury's statement he brought his feet to the floor with a crash, sprang up, and, almost livid with anger, said that he believed the charges made against his old friend were false. He added: "This man fought by my side in the Florida war; I know he was brave, and I believe he is an honest man." Mr. Woodbury, who retreated to avoid the first effects of the explosion, now stepped forward and said that he had been unusually careful to inform himself, and that he was forced to believe that the charges were true. He then added, as if to mollify the general, "I would like to have you, Mr. President, nominate some one for the place." "I will nominate no one," said the general, interrupting Mr. Woodbury, at the same time choking to keep down his feelings. "Put in the vacant place whom you please, but mark me, Mr. Woodbury, I shall examine into this case myself, and if my friend has been wronged, I will grind the guilty parties into the earth, just as I do this pipe," as he threw the old corn cob on the floor, and ground it under the heel of his boot. Mr. Woodbury gave his young friend a signal, and the two hastily retreated. On reaching the open air, Mr. Woodbury said, "Thank God, that unpleasant duty is performed. I hope I shall never have to perform another one of the kind."

It is useless to say of a man governed by principles so noble where his personal relations are concerned, that his public life could be a failure; at least it could not be a failure under a popular form of government. But this feature of strong personality was still further illustrated by a prominent act of Gen. Jackson's administration. Soon after he was inaugurated he appointed a then obscure young man, named Gwinn, subsequently distinguished as United States Senator Gwinn, to the best paying office in his gift, viz., United States Marshal of Mississippi. The Senate was politically opposed to the general, and it rejected the appointment. The general sent it in a second time, and again it was rejected. Nothing, up to this era, exceeded the party indignation and abuse that was showered upon the general for his violation of usage "and the Constitution," by such an unparalleled outrage of renominating a person to the Senate who had been rejected. But Gen. Jackson kept Gwinn in office until his successor was confirmed, and thus fought the battle with the Senate, keeping the country in hot water and taxing his party for defence. This continued for four long years. With General Jackson's second term came a Senate politically favorable, and Gwinn was now nominated for the third time, and was confirmed, and thus ended the strife.

Hon. Alexander Barrow, United States Senator, who was a sort of godchild of Gen. Jackson's, informed us that, after many years of estrangement on account of political differences, he paid a last visit to "the Hermitage." He found the once stalwart "Old Hickory" doubled almost with age and suffering. Mr. Barrow said he was agreeably surprised that the general made no allusions to the disagreements of times past, but as strength would permit talked only kindly of "old times." As Mr. Barrow was about to leave, he said, "General, as you have alluded to the past, if it is proper and right, tell me why you kept through your first presidential term yourself and all your friends in trouble, by persisting in keeping Mr. Gwinn Marshal of Mississippi?" The old general at this allusion straightened up, his eye assumed some of its natural brightness, and he said, "When my mother fled with me and my brother from the oppression of the British, who held possession of North Carolina, and we settled in Tennessee, we were very, very poor. My brother had a long sickness (occasioned by a wound received from a British officer, for refusing to do some menial service) and finally died. In the midst of our distress and poverty, an old Baptist minister called at our log cabin, and spoke the first kind words my mother heard in her new home; and this good man continued to call and he finally made our house his lodging-place, and continued to prefer it, when better ones in the neighborhood were at his service. Years rolled on, and this good man died.—Well, sir," continued the general, with a great deal of feeling, "when the news was brought me that I was elected President, I put up my hands and exclaimed:—'Thank God for that, for it will enable me to give the best office under the Government to the son of the old minister who was the friend of my mother, and of me in my youth,' and I kept my promise, and, if it had been necessary, I would have sacrificed my office before he should have been removed."

☞ IMPOSSIBLE.—A debating society had under consideration the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The decision arrived at was, "No, but impossible."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rose in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it;
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beauteous trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes uplifted;
For the sweet blue sky will still peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

MARY JUPP'S EXPLOSION.

A frosty day in December. Time had gone on, winter had come in: the seasons go their round, whatever the world may be doing.

How grew Clara Lake? Better? Well, she did not seem to grow much better; at any rate, she was not well, and the old doctor at Katterley, who had known her constitution from infancy, appeared puzzled. She dressed as in her days of health, and went about the house: on fine days would go out for a walk in the sunshine: but she remained weak and debilitated, and could not get rid of her cough.

Compared to the dangerous attack she had at Guild, of course her present state seemed to be a vast improvement. On first coming home, the change for the better appeared to be marvellous; and Mr. Lake, never seeing anything but the bright side of things, congratulated himself that she was well again. The improvement did not go on as it ought to have gone; but the falling off was so gradual, the increasing degrees of weakness were so imperceptible, that he neither saw nor suspected either. Had any one told him his wife was in a bad way, he had simply stared in amazement. Latterly the inertness, the seeming debility had certainly made itself apparent to him, but only as a dim idea; so little importance did he attach to it, that he set it all down to apathy on his wife's part, and chided her for not "rousing herself." He did not mean to be unkind; never think that of him; for his wife he would have gone through fire and water, as the saying runs; but he was light, unobservant by nature, and careless.

He was enjoying himself immensely. Chiefly dividing his leisure time between Katterley and Guild. To-day he would be at home with his wife, to-morrow with Lady Ellis; the affectionate husband to the one, saying soft nothings (it must be supposed) to the other. Of course he never went for the sake of seeing my lady; certainly not; there was an excuse ever ready. Mrs. Chester had given him this commission, and he must go and report to her; or Mrs. Chester had given him the other; or she wanted to consult him on her affairs, which were going downwards; or he went over to escort some of the Jupps; or he had business with his tailor; for he had fallen into a freak to employ one who lived at Guild. On one plea or another, a plausible excuse for taking him to Guild never failed.

The fault of this lay partially with Mrs. Chester. Nearly at her wits' end lest Lady Ellis, wearied with the monotony of the house, should leave her; plainly seeing that Mr. Lake's visits were the sole attraction that kept her, Mrs. Chester invented demands upon him to draw him over to Guild. That the confidential footing on which he and Lady Ellis continued was scarcely seemly for a married man, Mrs. Chester completely ignored. She shut her eyes to it; just as she had shut them in the days when Clara was at Guild. I am telling the simple truth of the woman, and things took place exactly as I am relating them. What mattered it to Mrs. Chester whether the wife's feelings were pained, outraged, so long as her own ends were served? Clara was at a safe distance, seeing nothing; and, after all, there was but a bit of passing nonsense between them—there was no real wrong, reasoned Mrs. Chester in her sophistry. "What the eye does not see the heart cannot rue."

"But Mr. Lake ought not to have given way to her," remonstrates the upright reader. Of course he ought not, everybody knows that; but he liked the pastime. Lady Ellis made herself uncommonly attractive to him, and it never occurred to him to see that she ought not to have done so. She was exacting now; saying to him "You must come to-morrow," or "You must come the next day." They rode together and walked together as before; not so much, because it was winter weather; and they strolled out in the wide gardens in the dim afternoons, and sat alone very much in the drawing-room by twilight.

Unfortunately these pleasant arrangements were not kept from Clara. If she had partially forgotten her jealousy upon returning home, her husband's constant visits to Guild, and the whispers reaching her from thence, brought it back in all its unhappy force. She was not told purposely. Of the Jupps, the only one whose eyes were open to the flirtation going on—that is, to a suspicion that it was deeper than it ought to be, considering that Mr. Lake had a wife—was the eldest of them, Mary. She held her tongue But the others, after a day spent at Guild, would jokingly allude in Clara's hearing to the soft hours spent together by him and Lady Ellis, and tell her she ought to keep her husband in better order. They meant nothing. Had Clara been there she might have thought far less of it than she was doing; incertitude always increases suspicion, just as jealousy makes the food it feeds on. So Mrs. Lake sat at home with her cough, and her increasing weakness, and her miserable torture; conscious of little save one great fact, that her husband was perpetually at Guild. Had he gone more openly, as it were, without framing (as he invariably did) some plausible plea for the journey, she had thought less. What could Clara do? Could she descend to say to him, you shall not go there? No; she suffered in silence; but it was killing her.

A bright December morning, clear and frosty, Mrs. Lake was seated at the window in their comfortable room making tiny little flannel petticoats. There was a good deal of distress in Katterley, and she was intending to give warm garments to sundry poor half-naked children. Stooping over the work, her cheeks had acquired their hectic tinge, seen frequently now, otherwise the face was pale and thin; the fingers were attenuated. Mr. Lake, who had been looking at the newspaper, reading occasional scraps of news from it to his wife, rose from his chair by the fire and stretched himself.

"How busy you are, little wife! Who on earth are all those small things for?"

"The poor children in the cottages by the brick-fields. They are so badly off, Robert," she added, glancing up, with a pleading look. "I could not help doing something for them."

"All right, my dear; do whatever you like. Only don't over-work yourself."

"There's no fear of that. Elizabeth will do part of them; and Mary Jupp is coming to help me."

"What a lovely day it is for December!" he added, looking at the sparkling sunlight.

"Very. It almost tempts me to go out."

"I will take you to-morrow, Clara; I must go to Guild to-day."

Mrs. Lake resumed her work with trembling fingers.

"Penelope's watch is at Van Buren's. I promised faithfully to take it to her to-day."

"Are there no watchmakers at Guild, that Mrs. Chester should send her watch to Katterley?"

"I don't know. I brought it to him at her request a fortnight ago. Van Buren has a great name in his trade, you know."

As he spoke he looked at his own watch; it was time to depart.

"Shall you be home to dinner, Robert?"

"No. But I shall to tea. I shall be in by the seven train. Good-bye, Clary."

She raised her face with its crimson hectic color, the result of emotion, to receive his farewell kiss. It's loveliness could but strike him.

"How well you are getting to look, my darling," he said, tenderly.

And it would no doubt have astonished Mr. Lake excessively could he have glanced back at his wife through the garden and the walls of the house as he went off, gayly whistling. Dropping her work on the floor, she fell into a storm of sobs in her utter self-abandonment. Miss Jupp came in, and so found her.

"Clara! *Clara!*"

Up she got: but to affect indifference was an impossibility. Mary Jupp, greatly shocked, took the sorrowful face in her sheltering arms.

"Tell me what it is, Clara. Open your poor little heart to me, my dear. I am older than you by many years, and have had trouble myself. Where's your husband?"

"Gone to Guild."

"Oh," said Miss Jupp, shortly, who had her private opinion on many things. "Well, dear, he has got a nice day for it."

Clara dried her eyes and stifled her sobs, and sat down to work again.

"I am so stupid," she said, in a tone of apology. "Since my illness, I don't feel strong; it makes me cry sometimes."

Mary Jupp said no more, perhaps wisely. She took her things off and remained the day. And Mr. Lake got home, not by seven at night, but by the last train.

Christmas approached, and Mrs. Lake got thinner and weaker. Still her husband suspected nothing amiss. She rose in the morning, went through her duties, such as they were, and had a bright color. How was he, an unobservant man by nature and habit, to detect that it was all wrong? Had he suspected the truth, none would have been more anxiously troubled than he.

It was in Clara Lake's nature to conceal what was amiss. With these reticent temperaments, a great grief touching the heart, a grief unto death, never can be spoken of. At the last, perhaps, when hours are numbered, but not always then. *He* saw no signs of it; the low spirits, the nervous weakness were given way to when alone; never before him. Except that she had grown strangely still and quiet, he saw no alteration. She tried to be cheerful, and succeeded often.

So the days, as I have said, glided on, bringing the end nearer and nearer. Mr. Lake went on his heedless way, and she sat at home and did silent battle with the anguish that was killing her. Her history is drawing to a close. The world, going round in its hard, matter-of-fact reality, is apt to laugh at such stories; but they are taking place, for all that, in some of its nooks and corners.

One day, when it wanted but three or four to Christmas, Mr. Lake tempted his wife into the greenhouse to see his winter plants. She was more cheerful than customary—talked more; an artificial renovation had brought back some of the passing strength.

"Clary, I have promised to spend Christmas-day with Penelope."

A sudden rush of color to her wasted cheeks, a pause, and a response that came forth faintly.

"Have you?"

"She said how dull it would be for us at home, and would not take a denial. You will be able to go?"

"I go!" She glanced at him in surprise, and shook her head.

"Why not?"

"I am too ill."

Mr. Lake felt annoyed. The proposed expedition had been presenting itself to his mind in a very agreeable light; for his wife to set her face against it, whether on the plea of ill-health or any other plea, would be especially provoking.

"My dear, I tell you what it is," he said in a voice that betrayed his temper, "you will fancy yourself ill and lie-by and stay at home, until it ends in your being ill."

"Do you think I am well?"

"You are not strong; but if you would rouse yourself, and go more out, and shake off fancies, you would soon become so. An illness, such as yours was in the autumn, leaves its weakening effects behind it as a matter of course; but there's no sense in giving way to them."

"I go out sometimes."

THE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

The lighthouse—that beneficent eye that sparkles over the deep, whether calm or stormy—not being the least among the triumphs of man in the navigation of the seas, any additional erection of the kind becomes an object of grateful curiosity, especially to us, who, as a maritime people, have so many thousand miles of coast to guard, hundreds of it fretted with the most awful menaces the mariner can encounter.

The latest structure of the kind is the subject of our illustration, which has been built about nine miles south-west of the Land's End, off the coast of Cornwall, England, on a projection from the sea, to which the ominous name of Wolf's Rock has been given; and a terrible and ravenous Wolf's Rock it has too often proved to vessels overtaken by tempests in the English Channel.

In all the seasons, that part of the English coast is fraught with peril to the sailor; but in the winter, when storms rage the fiercest—nay, all the angry elements that the winds and tumbling seas seem to vomit forth for the grim pastime of destruction—that Cornish coast and its treacherous offshoots of sunken rocks and tempest-hidden islets is about the worst part of the English coast that can be encountered in fair weather; what it must be in foul we leave to the imagination to guess. A lighthouse, then, on the Wolf's Rock became absolutely indispensable.

The height of this mariner's friend, which, from its situation will be a conspicuous object for many miles, will be 110 feet above high water spring tides, and the diameter of the tower at its base will be 42 feet, so that the magnitude of the structure will be great. The total cost has been estimated at upwards of £60,000.

This Wolf Rock Lighthouse will be fitted with a first order *Cata-dioptric* apparatus, showing a revolving light of alternate red and white flashes.

The tower is built of Cornish granite, and all the work is first shaped and fitted at the yard in Penzance, where each stone is accurately turned out by the masons, so as to be dropped into its place in the tower. A steam winch is used at the rock for raising the stone. In conclusion, we may say that while a lighthouse is built at the expense of one nation, it is for the benefit of the ships and seamen of all the world.

"Just for a walk or so; that does little good. What you want is cheerful society; change. You have not been once to Guild since we came home."

"You make up for it, then; you are there often enough."

She could not help the retort; it seemed to slip from her tongue unguided. Mr. Lake kicked out at a broken pot.

"Something or other is always happening to take me there. Mrs. Chester loads me with commissions, and I don't like to refuse to execute them."

They went in. Mr. Lake returned to the charge.

"You will go on Christmas-day, Clary, won't you? Penelope is preparing for us."

"No; I am not well enough. And if I were, I should prefer to be at home. Say no more," she added, almost passionately interrupting what he was about to urge. "You ought not wish me to go there."

A long silence. "I shall go. I must. I can't get off it."

She did not speak.

"What is to be done, Clara? It will never do for me to spend Christmas-day there, and you to spend it at home." And he finished the clause by breaking out, half-singing, half-muttering, with the lines of a popular ditty that our childhood was familiar with—

"To-morrow is our wedding-day, and all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton, and I should dine at Ware."

She sat with her hands folded before her, and did not immediately answer. If *he* could not tell what was to be done, or what ought to be done, she would not. Mr. Lake looked at her and waited.

"You must do as you think *right*," she said, laying a slight stress upon the word. "I am too unwell to be anywhere but at home on Christmas-day."

Mr. Lake left the room, whistling to hide his anger. Had he possessed the worst wife in the world he had never reproached or quarrelled with her. Some men *cannot* be actively unkind to women, and he was one. He thought her very obstinate, unreasonably so, and said to himself that he would go to Guild. If Clara did not come to her senses beforehand and accompany him, his going without her would bring her to them after. Not another word was said between them; each seemed to avoid the subject.

Christmas-day dawned, cloudy but tolerably fine. Mr. Lake was going to Guild. Not doing exactly as he thought *right*, for his conscience was giving him a sharp twinge or two, but following the bias of his inclination, which urged him into the sunshine of my Lady Ellis's smiles. Clara felt worse that morning, dreadfully weak and languid, but she put on her things to attend church. Mr. Lake went with her, and they sat out the service together. At its termination he rose to quit the church; she remained.

"Shall you not be too tired with the long service, Clara?" he whispered. "You had better leave it until another opportunity."

"Please don't! let me stay."

There was something in the pleading words—in the pleading up-turned glance of the wan face, that struck upon him as being strange, leaving a momentarily unpleasant impression. He never stayed the sacrament himself, and went out.

She gathered herself into the corner of their high, broad, old-fashioned pew, and knelt down, leaning her arms and head on the seat. An intense weariness was upon her frame and spirit; she did not feel things as keenly as she used—it was as if the world were drifting away from her. Her soul was longing for the comfort of the approaching rite—for its *comfort*. Ah, my friends, we kneel periodically at the altar, and take the bread and wine, and hope that we return comforted and refreshed. Believe me, it is but those from whom the comfort of this world has utterly departed who can indeed realize what that other comfort is, and how great our need of it. Only when earth and its interests fail us, when the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken—in that hour do we desire the rest from travail, as a yearning longing. That hour had come for Clara Lake; she knelt there, feeling that earth had no longer a place for her—the home above was ready for her—the Redeemer at hand to welcome her, and take her to God.

She walked home quietly, a dim consciousness upon her that it might be the last time she should partake of the sacrament here. It was not far off two o'clock, and Mr. Lake was walking about, all impatience, for his train started at five minutes past. She had thought he would be gone.

"I waited for you, Clary. *Won't* you come with me?"

"Indeed I cannot."

"Then it's a case of Johnny Gilpin."

With a farewell to his wife, full of paraded affection, Mr. Lake took himself off to the station, telling his wife to be sure and eat a good dinner and drink everybody's health in champagne, including his and her own.

In spite of the inward peace that was hers, she was feeling terribly dispirited. A fond thought had delusively whispered that, after all, perhaps he might not go. She remembered the epoch of her dream; how he had stayed at home then in tender consideration of her wishes. Things were altered now.

At three o'clock she sat down to dinner, cutting herself a small slice from the turkey placed before her. When the sauces were brought round she simply shook her head. She had no appetite; an oppressive feeling of bitter grief sat on her spirit; the tears dropped on her plate silently, and she could not control them.

Presently she laid down her knife and fork, the little bit of meat only half eaten. Elizabeth ventured to remonstrate.

"I can't swallow it; it is like dry chips in my throat."

"And no wonder, ma'am; the meat's dry by itself. And such delicious bread-sauce and gravy that's here."

Sauce or no sauce, gravy or no gravy, Mrs. Lake could not eat. They brought in the pudding. She cut it, eat a mouthful, and sent it away again.

Leaving her to her solitary dessert—for her a mere matter of form—the servants sat down to their own dinner. Some short time had elapsed, when Elizabeth thought she heard a noise in the dining parlor, and went in to see if her mistress wanted anything. A cry of alarm burst from the girl as she opened the door; Mrs. Lake was lying on the carpet.

Whether she had fainted—whether she had been crossing the room and fell over anything—could not then be ascertained. As the servants raised her, a thin stream of blood issued from her mouth. Nearly beside themselves with terror, they laid her on the sofa, and Elizabeth ran for the doctor. She had to pass Mr. Jupp's house, and on her return it occurred to Elizabeth to call and ask to see Miss Jupp. That young lady came out to her from the dining-room, her mouth full of turkey.

"Good gracious?" she exclaimed, half petrified at the news. "Burst a blood-vessel! Dying! Is any one with her besides Mr. Lake?"

"He is not with her—there's nobody with her," answered Elizabeth. "That's why I made bold to disturb you, Miss. He is gone off to dine at Mrs. Chester's."

Catching up a garden hat and woollen shawl that hung close at hand, Mary Jupp flung them on without a moment's pause for consideration, and started at a gallop down the street. The worthy shopkeepers, standing at their sitting-room windows, saw the transit with amazement, and thought the eldest Miss Jupp had gone suddenly mad. She was in the house before Dr. Marlow: his old steps were slow at the best—her's fleet. Mrs. Lake had broken a vessel on the chest or lungs.

"There is no immediate danger, as I hope," said the old doctor in Miss Jupp's ear; "but her husband ought to be here." Mary looked at her watch, and found that she had just time to catch a train.

But that Mary Ann Jupp was a strong-minded female, she might not have cared to go a journey on Christmas-day in the guise she presented. It may be questioned if she as much as gave a thought to her attire, except to remember that there was no time to go home and change it. In addition to being strong-minded, she was also an exceedingly upright-minded, right-feeling young woman, and had for a long while past greatly condemned what was going on—the absurd intimacy between Mr. Lake and Lady Ellis, and his consequent neglect of his wife. *Her* eyes had been open to it if nobody else's had; and Mary Jupp, in her impulsive way, had threatened herself that she should "one day have it out with the lot." That day had come.

Very considerably astonished was Mr. Lake to find himself burst in upon by Mary Jupp. Mrs. Chester and Lady Ellis looked up in amaze. They had dined together, a family party, and Mrs. Chester's children, with Anna and the two Clapperton girls, who were guests that day, had retired to another room to make what noise they pleased, leaving the trio round the comfortable fire, wine and good things on the table behind them. Miss Jupp walked in without notice or ceremony. Her old red woollen shawl had jagged ends and a slit; her brown hat, white once, was vastly disreputable, and had a notch in the brim. Excited and out of breath having run all the way from Guild station, she walked straight up to Mr. Lake and spoke.

"Would you see your wife before she dies?"

He had risen and stood in consternation. Mrs. Chester rose. *She* sat still, calmly equable, listening and looking. Mr. Lake's lips turned white as he asked Miss Jupp for an explanation.

It was given in a sharp, ringing tone. Mrs. Lake had been found on the floor in her solitary dining-room, and when they lifted her up blood issued from her mouth. A vessel of some sort had given way. Dr. Marlow was with her, and said that Mr. Lake ought to be found.

"Will you go to her?" asked the young lady, as she finished her recital; "or shall I go back and take word that you will not?"

"Why do you say that to me?" he asked with emotion.

"My dear Miss Jupp!" struck in Mrs. Chester, in a voice of remonstrance.

"Why do I say it to you?" retorted Mary Jupp, in her storm of angry indignation. "It is time some one said it to you. You have been killing her by inches: "yes, I speak to all of you," she added, turning about upon them. "You have been killing his wife by inches: you, Angeline Ellis, with your false and subtle snares; and you Penelope Chester, with your complacent winking at sin. He is weak and foolish—look at him as he stands there in his littleness!—but he would scarcely have been wicked, had not you drawn him to it. You wonder that I can thus speak out"—drowning some interrupted words of Mrs. Chester's—"is it right for me to be silent, a hypocritical glosser over of crime, when she is dying? I am an English gentlewoman, with a gentlewoman's principles about me, and I hope some Christian one: it behoves such to speak out sometimes."

"You are mad," gasped Mrs. Chester.

"*You* have been mad, to allow this conduct in your house—folly, frivolity, much that is bad going on under your very eyes. Had your brother been a single man, it might have been deemed excusable by some; never by me: but he had a fair young wife, and you deliberately set to work to injure her. You did, Penelope Chester: you knew quite well what you were doing: and to encourage ill by winking at it, is the same thing as committing it. I say nothing more to *you*," she added, turning upon Lady Ellis with ineffable scorn. "You may remember certain words you said to me regarding Mr. Lake and his wife, the first afternoon you came here: I did not understand them then; I do now; and I know that, in that first hour of your meeting, you were laying your toils around him to gain his admiration and wean him from his wife. If you retain a spark of feeling, of conscience, the remembrance of Clara Lake, when the grave shall have closed on her, will be as a sharp iron, ever eating into it."

Lady Ellis rose, her jet black eyes flashing—

"Who are you, that should dare thus insult me?"

Mary Jupp dropped her tone to one of calmness—mockingly calm it was, considering the scorn that mingled with it.

"I have told you who I am: an English gentlewoman amidst gentlewomen: and with such I should think you will never henceforth presume to consort."

Mr. Lake had made no further retort, good or bad. While they were speaking, he took out his watch, saw that he had time, too much of it, to catch the next train, and quitted the room. Mary Jupp was following. Up started Mrs. Chester.

"If Clara is in the sad state you describe, Mary Jupp, I ought to go to her."

Mary Jupp turned short round and faced them.

"I do not pretend to any right of control over your actions; but, were I you, I would at least allow my brother to be alone with his wife in her last hours. You have come between them enough, as it is, Mrs. Chester. The sight of you cannot be pleasant to her."

She quitted the room, condescending to give no farewell to either of those she left in it, and followed in the steps of Mr. Lake, who was already on his way to the station, buttoning his coat as he went, taking care not to catch him up. On the platform, as the train was dashing in he spoke to her.

"Your accusations have been harsh, Mary."

"What has your conduct been?" she sharply retorted. "I loved your wife, and I feel her unhappy fate as keenly as though it had fallen on one of my own sisters. The world may spare you; it may flatter and caress you, for it is wonderfully tender to these venial sins of conduct; but you cannot recall to life her whom you vowed before God to love and to cherish."

"Step in. The train is going."

"Not into that carriage—with you. Others are in it, and I might be saying things that they would stare at. My temper is up to-day."

"First-class, Miss?" cried an impatient porter. "There's only that there one first-class carriage on."

And Mary Jupp walked away; opened the door of another, which was a third-class, and took her seat in it.

Thus they reached Katterley. Mr. Lake came to the carriage to assist her out, but she simply put his arm away. Her face looked awfully severe as the gaslights fell upon it.

"One moment," he said, arresting her as she was passing. "I do not know what turn your suspicions can have taken; a very free one, as it seems to me. Let me assure you that you are mistaken. On my word of honor as a man, there has been nothing; nothing wrong. In justice to Lady Ellis, I am bound to say this."

"Justice to Lady Ellis! Don't talk to me about justice to Lady Ellis," was the young lady's retort. Her temper, as she said, was up, that day. "Think of justice to your wife, rather. You are either a fool or a knave, sir."

"Thank you, Miss Jupp."

"Nothing wrong!" she repeated, returning to the charge. "I don't know what you mean. What do you call wrong? You have been tied to that woman's skirts these five months; lavishing your money and your time upon her; and leaving your wife alone to die. If that's not wrong, I should like to know what is."

He made no reply; almost too confounded to do it.

"I don't blame you, Robert Lake, as much as I blame them," she took occasion to say as they were parting. "You are a vain, thoughtless, empty-headed fellow, made so, I believe, by your enforced idleness; and they, those two women, are old and crafty. Mrs. Chester was serving her self-interest; the other her unjustifiable woman's vanity. You yielded yourself a willing prisoner to the birdlime spread under your feet, and now your folly has come home with interest. *I* saw your wife was dying of the pain, if you did not."

Without another word, whether of adieu or apology, she brushed past him up the street; and Mr. Lake turned to his home, something like a beaten dog that dare not lift his tail from between his legs.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DREAM WORKED OUT.

Mrs. Lake was better. The bleeding was stopped, the doctor gone, and she seemed comfortable. There was less danger than Miss Jupp had supposed, for the blood-vessel which had broken proved to be only a small one on the chest—not the lungs. To her husband it appeared incomprehensible that she should be in any danger at all; his mind had never admitted the possibility of it.

He was all alive to it now. As long as she lay in bed he scarcely left her chamber. To talk with her much was not allowed, but he sat there, holding her hand, looking into her eyes with the old love in his. What his reflections were, or how great his self-reproaches, was best known to himself. When these men, essentially kind and tender by nature, have to indulge in such remorse, be assured it is not very light. He could not bring himself to believe that any conduct of his had contributed to his wife's illness; still less that he had caused it. That was a flight of fancy not easy to understand; but he saw now how ill she must have been all along, and bitterly regretted that he had left her so much alone. Rather than have *willfully* ill-treated her, he would have forfeited his life. His love had come back to him, now that it was too late—it may be more appropriate to say his senses had come back to him.

In a day or two she grew so much better that she was allowed to leave her bed for a small sitting-room on the same floor, carried into it by him. Late in the afternoon, he left her comfortably lying back in the easy chair, and inclined to sleep. Taking his hat, he walked out.

His errand was to the doctor. His wife seemed to assume that she should not recover; Miss Jupp and the servants the same; for all he saw, she might be well in a week or two; and he went to put the question. Dr. Marlow had said nothing particular to him of her state, one way or the other, and he could not question him before his wife.

Dr. Marlow was at home, and came to him at once. The two families had been very intimate; on familiar terms one with the other. Mr. Lake plunged into the matter at once, speaking of the danger other people seemed to apprehend, and of his own inability to see it.

"Is she, or is she not, in peril?" he asked. "Tell me the plain truth."

The old man laid his hand upon the speaker's shoulder.

"What if the truth should be painful? Will you hear it—the whole of it?"

"I am come to hear it."

"Then I can only tell you that she is in danger; and I fear that a little time will see the end."

Very rapidly beat his pulses as he listened. Repentant pulses. A whole lifetime of repentance seemed, in that moment, to be in every one of them.

"But what is killing her? What is it?"

"The primary cause is of course that cold she caught at Guild. It laid hold of her system. Still, I think she might have rallied; many a time, since she came home, I have deemed her all but well again. You ought to know best, Master Robert, but to me it appears as though she had some grievance on her mind, and that it has been working mischief. I hope you have been a good husband to her, as Joan says to Hodge," added the doctor, turning from Mr. Lake to take a pinch of snuff. "Your wife has possessed one of those highly sensitive, rarely-refined temperaments, that when joined to a fragile body, an unkind blow would shatter. I once told you this."

He made no comment; he was battling with his pain. Dr. Marlow continued.

"The body was a healthy body; there was no inherent disease, as I have always believed, and I cannot see why it should not have recovered; but the mind seemed to pull it back; two powers, one working against the other. Between them they have conquered, and will lay her low."

"Do you call it consumption?" Mr. Lake jerked out. And really the words were jerked out, rather than fairly spoken.

"Decidedly not. More of a decline; a waste of the system."

"Those declines are cured sometimes."

"Not often: when they fairly set in."

"Oh, doctor," he cried, clasping the old man's hand, and giving vent to some of the anguish that was rending him, "try and save her! Save her for my sake! You don't know the cause I have to ask it."

"I wish I could—for both your sakes. She is beyond earthly aid."

They stood looking at each other. Dr. Marlow, willing if possible to soothe in a degree the blow, resumed.

"I suppose I must, after all, have been mistaken in her constitution. When consumption showed itself in her brother and he died of it, I watched her all the closer. But I could detect nothing wrong: though she was always one of those blossoms that a sharp wind would blow away. The disease was there, we must assume, and I failed to detect it."

"You say—you said but now—that it is not consumption," returned Mr. Lake, speaking sharply in his pain.

"Neither is it. But when unsoundness is inherent in the constitution it does not always show itself in the same form. Sometimes it comes out in one shape, sometimes in another."

There was no more to be said; nothing further to be learnt. Mr. Lake returned home with his burden of knowledge, wondering how much of this dread fiat Clara suspected, how much not. The shades of evening were on the room when he entered it, imparting to it a semi-gloom, but the rays of the fire-light fell on his wife's wasted face. Stirring the coals into a bright blaze, he sat down by her chair, and took her hand. Her wasted fingers entwined themselves fondly with his.

"I know where you have been, Robert. And I guess for what purpose."

"Ah. You are wise, my little wife. I went out to get a breath of fresh air."

"You have been to Dr. Marlow's. Margaret Jupp called, and she said she saw you turn into his house. You went to ask him whether I should get well. He told you No: for he knows I shall not. Was it not so?"

She leaned a little forward to look at him. He suddenly clasped her to his breast with a gush of passionate tenderness, and his hot tears fell upon her face.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!"

"It must be," she softly whispered. "There is no appeal against it now."

"Clara, if we are indeed to part, at least let perfect confidence be restored between us," he resumed, controlling his emotion with an effort. "What is the trouble that has been upon you?"

"The trouble?"

"Some of them are hinting at such a thing," he said, thinking of the doctor and of Miss Jupp. "I must know from you what it is."

"Need you ask?"

"Yes. For I cannot comprehend it. My darling, you must tell me."

"If *she* had never come between us, I do not think I should have been ill now."

"I *cannot* understand it," he repeated, a wailing sound in his emphasized words. "I have been foolish, thoughtless, wrong: though not to the extent you may possibly have imagined. But surely, taking it at its worst, *that* was not cause sufficient to bring you to death."

"Your love left me for another. It seemed to me—it seemed to me—more than I could bear."

Partly from the agitation the topic called up, partly that she was in hesitation how to frame her words, the pauses came. It was as if she would fain have said more.

"My love? oh no. It was but a passing—" the word at his tongue's end was "fancy," but he substituted another—"folly. Clara! do not give me more than my share of blame; that will be heavy enough, Heaven knows. The old man says that the violent cold you caught at Guild, was the primary cause of decay: surely that cannot be charged upon me."

She was silent a few moments—but, as he had said, there ought to be full confidence between them now—and she had been longing to tell him the whole unreserved truth; a longing that had grown into a sick yearning.

"I will tell you now how I caught that cold. Do you remember the night?"

"Not particularly." He was of a forgetful nature, and the events of the night had only been those of many another.

"*Don't* you remember it? When you were walking with—her—in the shrubbery in the raw twilight—"

Mr. Lake slightly shook his head in the pause she made. Twilight shrubbery walks were lying in numbers on his conscience.

"She complained of cold, and you went to get her shawl out of the summer-house, leaving her seated on the bench in front of the green alcove. She sang a song to herself: I think I could repeat its words now. You brought the shawl and folded it lovingly around her, and kissed her afterwards, and called her—"

In great astonishment he raised his wife's face to gaze into it. Where had she learnt that little episode? Had she dreamt it? He did not ask: he only stared at her.

She bent down her head again to its resting-place, and folded her arm around him in token of forgiveness. "And called her '*My dearest*.' I was standing there, Robert, behind the bench. I saw and heard all."

Not a word spoke he. He hardly dared to accept the loving sign of pardon, or to press her to him. Had she glanced up she would have seen his face in a hot glow. These little private episodes may be very gratifying in the passing, but it is uncommonly disagreeable to find out that your wife has made a third at them.

"It was very thoughtless of me to run out from the heated room on that cold damp night without anything on," she resumed hastily as if conscious of the feeling and wishing to cover it. "But oh! I was so unhappy—scarcely, I think, in my senses. I thought you had not returned from Guild: Fanny came in and said you had been home a long while and were with *her*. An impulse took me that I would go and see: I never did such a thing in my life; never, never, before or since: and I opened the glass doors and went out. I was half way down the shrubbery when I heard you coming into it from a cross walk, and I darted into the green alcove, and stood back to hide myself; not to spy upon you."

She paused, but was not interrupted. Mrs. Lake began to hurry over her tale.

"So you see that, in a measure, she was the cause of the cold which struck to me. And then I was laid up; and many a time when you deemed I should fancy you were out shooting, or had gone to Guild, or something or other, you were with her. I knew it all. And since we came home, you have been ever restless to go to her—leaving me alone—even on Christmas-day."

Ay: even on Christmas-day. He almost gnashed his teeth, in his self-condemnation. She, with her impassioned and entire love for him, with her rare and peculiar temperament that, as the doctor had observed, a rude blow would destroy! The misery of mind reacting upon a wasted frame! He no longer wondered why she was dying.

"Why could you not speak out and tell me this?"

"But that the world seems to have nearly passed away from me, and that earthly passions—pride, self-reticence, shame, I mean the shame of betraying one's dearest feelings, are over—I could not tell you now."

"But don't you see the bed of remorse you have made for me? Had I suspected the one quarter of what you tell me you felt, the woman might have gone to the uttermost ends of the earth, for me. I wish you had spoken."

"It might not have prevented it. My belief is that it would not. It was to be."

Mr. Lake looked at her.

"You remember the dream: how it shadowed forth that I was to meet, in some way, my death through going to Mrs. Chester's."

"Child! Can you still dwell upon that dream?"

"Yes. And so will you when the hearse comes here to take me away. Never was a dream more completely worked out. Not quite yet: it will be shortly. I have something else to tell you; about it and her."

Mr. Lake passed his hand across his brow. It seemed to him that he had heard enough already.

"The very first moment, when I met Lady Ellis at your sister's, her eyes puzzled me: those strange, jet-black eyes. I could not think where I had seen them. They seemed to be familiar to my memory, and I thought and thought in vain, even when the weeks went on. On this same night that we are speaking of, I alarmed you by my looks. Mrs. Chester happened to look at me as I sat by the fire; she called out; and you, who were at chess with—with her, came up. You all came round me. I was shaking, and my cheeks were scarlet, somebody exclaimed: I believe you thought I was seized with an ague fit. Robert, I was shaking with fear, with undefined dread: for an instant before, as I sat looking at her eyes, it flashed into my mind whose eyes they were."

"Well, whose?" he asked, for she paused.

"They were those of the man who drove the hearse in my dream," she whispered in an awe-struck tone. "The very same. You must recollect my describing them to you when I awoke: 'strangely black eyes, the blackest eyes I ever saw,' though of his face I retained no impression. It was singular it should have struck upon me then, when I had been for weeks trying unsuccessfully to get the thread of the mystery."

"Oh, Clara, my darling, these superstitious feelings are very sad!" he remonstrated. "You ought not to indulge them."

"Will you tell me how I could have avoided them? It was not my fault that the dream came to me: or that the eyes of the driver were *her* eyes: or that my death had been induced through going to Mrs. Chester's. Both you and Mrs. Chester seemed to help me on to it in my dream: and as surely as the man appeared to drive me to the grave in the hearse, so has *she* driven me to it in reality. I wrote out the dream in full at the time, and you will find the paper in my desk. Read it over when I am gone, and reflect how completely it has been fulfilled."

He was silent. A nasty feeling of superstition was beginning to creep over himself.

"Will you let me ask you something?" she whispered, presently.

He bent his tearful face down upon hers.

"Ask me anything."

"When—I—am—no longer here, shall you marry her?"

Robert Lake darted up with a tremendous word, almost flinging his wife's face from him. His anger bubbled over for a few moments: not at his wife's question, but at the idea it suggested. For remorse was very strong upon him then; the image of Lady Ellis in consequence distasteful.

"Marry *her!* Her! I would rather take a pistol, and shoot myself through the heart—and—sin that it implies—I assert it before my Maker."

Clara gave utterance to a faint sigh of relief, and unclasped her arms.

"Then you do not love her as you have loved me?"

He flung himself on his knees before her, and sobbed aloud in his repentant anguish. She leaned over him endearingly, stroking his face and his hair.

"I only wanted to know that. The misery is over now, darling. For the little while we have to be together, let us be as happy as we used to be."

Emotion shook him to the very centre as he listened. Scarcely twice in a life time can a man give way to such. For the little while they had to be together! Ay. As Mary Jupp had said, he could not recall her back to life: he could not keep her here to make reparation.

Mrs. Lake lay back in her chair exhausted. Her husband stood by the mantel-piece gazing at her with his yearning eyes hot and feverish after their tears. Silence had succeeded to the interview of agitation; these strong emotional storms always bring their reaction.

A knock at the room door, followed by the entrance of Elizabeth. She came to say that Mrs. Chester was below, asking if she might come up. A moment's pause, and Mrs. Lake answered "Yes." The impulse to deny it had been upon her, but she wished to be at peace with all the world. Mr. Lake, less forgiving than his wife, did not care to meet Mrs. Chester, and quitted the room to avoid her. In his propensity to blame somebody else for the past as well as himself, he felt very much inclined to curse Mrs. Chester.

But she had been very quick, and encountered him outside the door, inquiring after his wife in a whisper. Mr. Lake muttered some unintelligible answer and passed on.

"There's a friend in the drawing-room waiting to see you, Robert," she called after him.

Now, strange though it may seem, the thought of who the "friend" really was, did not occur to Mr. Lake. After the explosion of Christmas-day, brought about by Miss Jupp, he had never supposed that Lady Ellis would show herself at his house. He went down-stairs mechanically, expecting to see nobody in particular; some acquaintance might have called. In another moment he stood face to face with her—Angeline Ellis. The exceeding unfitness of her visit, the bad taste which it displayed after that public explosion, struck him with dismay. Perhaps the recent explanation with his wife, their reconciliation, and his own bitter repentance helped the feeling. He bit his angry lips.

She extended to him her delicately-gloved hand, lavender, sown with black, and melted into her sweetest smile. But the smiles had lost their power. He glanced at her coal-black eyes, as they flashed in the rays of the lamp, remembered the eyes of his wife's dream, and—shuddered.

"You have become a stranger to Guild," she said. "Has that mad woman, Mary Jupp, persuaded you that you will be poisoned if you come?"

He did not choose to see her proffered hand.

"I can no longer spare time from my wife, Lady Ellis: I have spared too much from her."

The resentful tone struck her with wonder; the cold manner chilled her unpleasantly: but she smiled yet.

"Is it really true that your wife is so very ill?" she asked. "The maid says so. We had news that she was better, recovering very fast; and of course treated Miss Jupp's assertion for what it was worth—as we did the rest she said."

Had he been covered with quills like a porcupine, every one of them would have bristled up on end in defence of his wife. Surely her ladyship should have exercised better judgment and she wished to win him back to her.

Never again! Never again!

"She is dying," he hoarsely answered; "dying through our folly. I beg you pardon, my lady," he added, speaking the two last words in, as it struck her, the refinement of mockery, "it had been better perhaps that I had said *my* folly."

"Folly? Oh!"

"It has been a folly that will entail upon me a lifetime of repentance. Were my whole days to be spent in striving to work it off, as we work off a debt, they could not make atonement. There are follies that leave their results behind them—a heavy burthen to be borne afterwards throughout life. Take a seat, I beg, while you wait for Mrs. Chester."

He quitted the room; and she compressed her thin lips, which had turned white, for she fully understood him to imply that he had quitted herself and the "folly" for ever. Rarely had her ears heard such truths spoken, and they set on to glow with resentment. She saw Mr. Lake walk out at the garden gate and up the road, all to avoid her. Why? She had committed no wrong—as she counted wrong, as the world counts it: never a woman less likely to commit that than Lady Ellis. She had but amused herself, and he the same; and she really could not understand why Mrs. Lake should make a fuss over it.

Mrs. Chester, meanwhile, seated with Clara, was in her most amiable mood. That the episode of Christmas-day had taken her aback far more than it had taken Lady Ellis, was indisputable; but she was one of those easy-going women who never retain unpleasant impressions long. Besides, she had her way to make in the world. Before Mr. Lake had left her house many minutes, Miss Jupp in his wake, she had recovered her equanimity, and was laughing over the matter, with my lady, assuring her that Mary Jupp was taken with those fits sometimes, and tried to set the world to-rights—the result of bile. Anything rather than that Lady Ellis should quit her now, in the depth of winter. They had come over to-day, my lady fully understanding and tacitly falling into her plans, hoping to patch up a reconciliation. He was but a light-headed fellow at best—turned about any way, as the wind turns a feather, mentally argued Mrs. Chester; and he was safe not to have said anything to his wife.

"You are looking so very much better than I expected, dear Clara. All you want is complete rest, with good nursing; as I remarked to Anna Chester the day after Christmas-day, when she came over to inquire about you. I was glad you saw her. I couldn't come myself—I had one of my wretched sick-headaches."

She spoke quickly, running one sentence into another. Clara sat back in her chair, meek, quiet, calm, a smile of peace upon her face.

"I should not have asked your husband to dine with us that day without you," spoke Mrs. Chester, deliberating how to heal breaches—"we should never have cared to see him at any time unaccompanied by you, but that you were not able to come."

Mrs. Lake made no reply.

"Clara, I must speak out. There's poor Lady Ellis down-stairs wanting to see you. She says she has talked and laughed with Mr. Lake, and is terribly afraid now that you might not like it. She meant nothing. He is ten years younger than she is. Goodness me, child! you could never have thought ill of it. Surely you will see her?"

"I could not talk with her about—about the past," murmured poor Clara, the hectic cheeks becoming crimson.

"Good gracious me! who said anything of talking about it with her?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "My dear Clara, she'd not speak of it for the world. She has not spoken of it to me; but I can see what she feels. She's so afraid you should reproach her in your heart; she would so like to be reconciled in spirit. Oh! my dear, there's nothing like peace."

With the peace on her own spirit; with the fresh love of her husband in her heart; with the consciousness that she should soon be with Him who has enjoined love and peace on earth if we would inherit Heaven, Clara did not hesitate. Lady Ellis could do her no harm with her husband now: and a sudden wish for at least a tacit proof of the full forgiveness she accorded, arose within her. But she did not speak immediately; and Mrs. Chester was impatient.

"You would not bear malice, Clara?"

"I will see Lady Ellis. As to bearing malice, if you only knew how different it is! All that kind of feeling has passed away from me. I wish you would note what I say now, Mrs. Chester, and—and repeat it, should you think it might be acceptable after I am dead. Should anybody in the world have injured me, intentionally or unintentionally, I give them my free and full forgiveness, as I hope to be myself forgiven. I trust we shall meet in heaven; you, and I, and Lady Ellis, and all the world, and live together in happy bliss forever. There's a great joy upon me when I say this."

The words were a little different from any anticipated by Mrs. Chester. She rubbed her face with her handkerchief and stared; and her tone, as she rejoined, partook in a degree of the solemnity of that other one.

"After you are dead, Clara! You are not surely going to die?"

Mrs. Lake did not answer in words. She looked full at Mrs. Chester with her clear brown eyes, and the wan face from which the hectic was fading.

"Good patience me!" thought that lady, "I hope I shan't dream of her as she looks now."

Elizabeth entered with a cup of tea on a waiter.

"Here comes my tea," said Clara. "Would you like some?"

"Indeed I should; my mouth is quite parched. And poor Lady Ellis? You will let her drink one, too, here with us, Clara? It will be the seal of peace."

"Bring two cups of tea and some bread and butter," said Clara to the maid in a low tone. Certainly she had not intended to invite the lady down stairs to tea with her; but Mrs. Chester had put it in a point of view scarcely rejectable.

Now Mrs. Chester, crafty and clever, had been drawing largely upon her own active imagination. It had never occurred to Lady Ellis to wish for the kiss of peace, or for any token of reconciliation whatsoever. Therefore when Mrs. Chester brought her up and introduced her to the room, the two—her ladyship and the dying woman—were inwardly at cross purposes.

Nothing of which was betrayed, or likely to be. Lady Ellis's delicately-gloved hand met that attenuated one in a moment's greeting, and she sat down with calm composure. A few remarks passed upon indifferent topics between the three, and Elizabeth came in with the tea. The next moment another visitor appeared on the scene—Mary Jupp, shown in by Mr. Lake. To describe their faces of astonishment at seeing the ladies there, would take the pen of a great artist in words. Not seeing Lady Ellis down stairs, he thought they had left. Miss Jupp stood with a stony stare; and her companion bit his annoyed lips.

"Come in, Mary; come in."

Mrs. Lake's invitation bore a hurried pleading sound to Miss Jupp's ear, as if she had been uneasy in her company, and welcomed the relief. But for that, the strong-minded lady had turned away again without leaving behind her so much as a word. She came forward and sat down.

"Elizabeth shall bring you some tea."

"Tea for me!" cried Miss Jupp, bluntly. "I couldn't drink a drop. It would choke me."

"Is your throat bad, Mary Jupp?" asked Mrs. Chester.

"No; only my temper."

A frightened look in Clara's eyes, a pleading gaze that went right into Mary Jupp's. The young lady, doing violence to her inclinations, shut up her mouth resolutely, and folded her hands upon her lap, and spoke not another word, good, bad, or indifferent.

The curious meeting came to an end, brought to a summary close by Mrs. Chester. That lady, not altogether liking the aspect of affairs, and privately wishing Miss Jupp at the antipodes, thought it good to take herself away, and leave, so to say, well alone. Lady Ellis and Clara Lake shook hands for the last time in life.

"I wish you well," Clara whispered.

"Thanks," airily answered my lady.

Mr. Lake, in the very commonest politeness, went down with them. As they stood in the garden Mrs. Chester went back to get her muff, and they waited for her.

"Are you reconciled to me, Mr. Lake?" asked Lady Ellis.

"I wish to beg your pardon for aught I may have said that was unwarrantable," he rejoined. "I had no right to reproach you when the fault of the past was mine."

Mrs. Chester came forth, and he held the gate open for them. But my lady noticed that he did not choose to see her hand when she held it out.

My lady gave a little toss to her head. If this was to be the end of platonic friendships, keep her from them in future.

And Robert Lake, a whole world of self-condemning bitterness in his face, leaned on the gate, and looked after them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A few days ago, a long, lank carrier of a morning paper entered one of the District Court rooms in San Francisco, and seeing his Honor upon the Bench, approached him and said: "Judge, do you put up for papers?" "What?" "Do you put up for papers, or how do you get them?" "I do not understand you; what do you mean?" "Oh, I'm carrying the ——— now, and if you put up for the papers, I'm after you; but if you are a deadhead, why I pass." "This is not the time to speak to me on this subject, and you must come at some other time." "All right, Judge, but I only wanted to know if you put up for the papers."

☞ Dr. Chapin says there are many Christians who "heap coals of fire on their enemy's head in order to love him, but are very much disappointed if the coals do not scorch."

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☞ The Vatican Palace at Rome contains thirteen thousand chambers.

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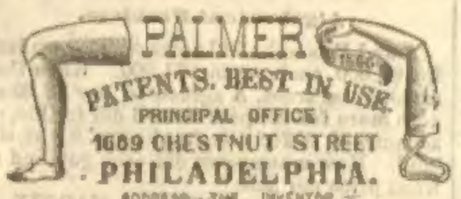

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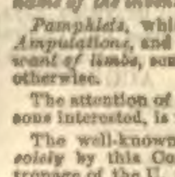

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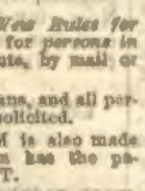

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sep28-ow17t

WIT AND HUMOR.

NO DORG TO LOVE.

No dorg to love, none to karess,
How can I ever my sadness ekpress!"
Chunk is defunct, ded as a nale;
Hushed is his barkin, and still is his tale;
Oh! such a tale, white on the end,
Opht did he chase it with a whiggle and bend,
Chase it with hope twisting around,
Till over cum he reposed on the ground;
Now he's ekstinct, ded as a nale,
Where am his back and the wag of his tale?

Ind dreams alone poor Chunk I see,
Swigging his milk or else scratching a flea;
'Tis but a dream, waking I weep
For under two feet of ground does he sleep.
Oh! blistful purp, onst full of pla,
Haven't I fed you day after day?
Given you milk, given you bread,
Given you many a pat on the head?
Now you're ekstinct, ded as a nale,
Where am the bark and the wag of your tale?

No dorg to love, none to karess,
Vainly I strive the sad tears to repress;
"Why did yer die?" sadli I mone;
Was it from pisen or swallowin a bone?
No waggin tale, no beamin eye,
Answrs the question, or gives a repli.
Was it a fit—stopp'ge of broth—
Eatin 2 much, the sad cause of your deth?
Still not a word, ded as a nale,
Dim is his eye, stilled forever his tale.

Corry O'Lanus on Banks.

This astute philosopher enlightens the public with his bank experience. How his willingness to accommodate a friend led to his faith in banks being shaken, and his chequered career in this path, is told with charming simplicity:

Shakspeare says: "Put not your trust in banks." I don't put my trust in banks. Nor my cash either.

I always felt able to take care of all the money I got. And more too.

I don't see why I should trust banks—they never trusted me. I never asked them to, but to oblige a creditor of mine who had a singular hallucination on the subject of my financial standing, I let him try the value of my name on a check.

I owed him some money. The bill had been standing for some time; but he hadn't said anything to me about it, and I hadn't said anything to him, because I could afford to let it stand as long as he could, and if he hadn't revived the subject, I shouldn't.

He did at last remind me of the fact, in a very polite note, stating that he had some engagements to meet. That is the way with creditors, I find. They are always making engagements, and expecting their debtors to furnish the money.

But as I said before, he was very polite about it, and merely said he would like to have my check for the amount. As he had accommodated me so long, I could hardly deny such a reasonable request. I sent him a polite answer, requesting him to nominate the bank on which he would prefer to have the check drawn.

He said he would leave it to me, whatever bank my credit was good at. I told him it was immaterial to me; my credit was just as good at one bank as at another.

I finally sent him a check on the Wallabout National Bank for the amount.

Naturally, I felt some interest in learning how my creditor made out at the bank. He didn't make out anything. He came to me in a more excited state than I had seen him in before.

"Sir," said he, "your check is not worth anything."

"I am sorry to hear it," said I, "though it is not entirely unexpected."

"But why did you give me your check when you had no money in the bank?" said he.

"Because you said you would like to have my check, and when a man makes a reasonable request I like to accommodate him, if I can."

I have had no faith in banks since then.

Masonic Anecdote.

The other day, a young gentleman from the country stepped into a store and informed the proprietor that his occupation was that of a carpenter, and he desired to get a bosom pin emblematic of that profession. The obliging jeweler looked over his stock, and finding nothing else, showed him a very fine Masonic pin. The young man looked at it carefully.

"Yes," said he, "there's the compass and square. I use both of them—but why didn't they put a saw in it? It's first rate as far as it goes. Hellow! there's G there—what does that stand for?"

The jeweler didn't know.

The man studied it carefully for a moment, and a bright idea struck him. His face flushed as if he had made a discovery.

"I have it," he said; "it's all right. G stands for gimlet. Compass, square and gimlet. That will do—I will take it."

There was a little touch of sadness in his voice as he pinned the emblem on his coat, and went away muttering: "Compass, square and gimlet, I do wish there was a saw, though."

AMUSING, VERY.—Dr. Sawbones, having finished the amputation of a leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside and said to him:—

"Doctor, do you think that your patient will recover?"

"Recover! there has never been the least shadow of a hope for him."

"Then what was the use of making him suffer?"

"Why, my dear fellow, you could not say brutally to a sick man, you are dying. He must be amused."

IN a recent number was mentioned the visit of a Boston lady to hear a performance on the "Great Organ." She was accompanied by a young man who had fought throughout the war in one of the Massachusetts regiments. The first piece on the programme was,

Overture, - - - Beethoven's 12th Mass.

At the conclusion of the performance he expressed to his fair companion the opinion that "that thing from Beethoven's 12*th Massachusetts* was a leetle the best thing he ever heerd."

☞ Howard Paul recently announced that he would deliver a five minutes' red hot lecture on "Woman's Rights" in Preston, England; but the printer set it up "Woman's Tights," which caused considerable scandal.

POT AND KETTLE.

FRIEND.—"Well, Stuffins, what did you think of the cattle show?"

MR. STUFFINS.—"Pretty fair. But the way they feed up those poor beasts I call a disgrace to humanity!"

A Good Story.

A very amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman who happened to be in Paris a short time ago, while three crowned heads of Europe were there on a visit to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon. These distinguished persons were the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia. One day, having thrown aside all state ceremonial, they determined to see the sights of the beautiful city on the Seine, for their own delectation, and for that purpose they resolved to go *incog*, so as not to be recognized by the people. However, in their stroll through Paris they went astray, and meeting a gentlemanly looking person, who happened to be an Irishman, they politely asked him if he would kindly direct them to the Palais Royal.

"Faith, and that I will, my boys," says Pat, at the same time taking a mental photograph of the three "boys." "This way, my hearties," and so they were conducted to the gates of the Royal Palace, and the Irishman was about bidding them farewell, when the Emperor of Russia, interested and pleased as much by the genuine politeness of Pat (and what son of Erin was ever yet deficient in courtesy and politeness), as by his *naivete* and witty remarks, asked him who he was.

"Well," rejoined their guide, "I did not ask who *you* were, and before I answer you, perhaps you would tell me who you may be."

After some further parleying, one said, "I am Alexander, and they call me the Czar or Emperor of all the Russias."

"Indeed," said Pat, with a roguish twinkle in the corner of his eye, and an incredulous nod of the head (as much as to say, "This boy is up to codding me a bit"). "And might I make bould to ask who you be, my flower."

"They call me Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria."

"Most happy to make your acquaintance, Frank, my boy," says the Irishman, who thinking he was hoaxed, and in his despairing efforts to get the truth, as he conceived, out of any of them, turned to the third one, and said, "Who are you?"

"They call me Frederick William, and I am king of Prussia."

They then reminded him that he promised to tell them who he was, and, after some hesitation, and with a mysterious air of confidence, Pat, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered—

"I am the Emperor of China; but don't tell any body."

NIAGARA.—We once read the opinion of a western drover, expressed on a first view of Niagara Falls. After looking at them half a minute, he remarked:—"Them's nice falls; let's go up and look at the town." This was about as cool a remark as could be made; but there is something more exquisitely droll in the story of the English cockney who recently returned from a trip to America. He had seen the falls, and was asked, of course, what he thought of them. "They're quite 'andsome," he replied, "quite so—but they didn't quite hanser my hexpectations—besides I got vetted and lost my 'at."

SNUFFERS.—A countryman, seeing for the first time a pair of snuffers, asked:—

"What's them fur?"

"To snuff the candle."

"To snuff the candle."

The candle just then needed attention, and with his thumb and finger he pinched off the snuff, and carefully put it into the snuffers, saying:—

"Well now, them is handy?"

Artificial Stone.

Making stone is a business in St. Louis. There is a concern there which makes, out of common sand, a mantel equal to one of white marble, and sells it for about ten dollars. The sand in a few hours is converted into rock precisely similar to the strata and ledges beneath the earth, that have required ages of aqueous and igneous action to form them. The process is strictly scientific and chemical. The materials used are common brown or white sand, soda, flint, chlorine and calcium. The flint, which is the cementing agent, is melted by being subjected to heat in connection with soda. Flint, in its chemical constitution, is an acid, and, like all other acids, readily combines with an alkali. Combined with soda, the flint (silica) forms a silicate of soda—a thick, viscid, transparent substance, very much like glue.

If it is too thin when first made, it is reduced by evaporation in pans till it reaches the proper consistency. It is then mixed with sand in a mill, from which the mixture comes forth a good deal like wet brown sugar. The substance is called "pug." It is very plastic, and works as easily in the hand as wet clay or putty. Each moulder has a quantity of the "pug" placed in a box on the end of his work-bench, from which he takes handfuls as he requires it to press into the mould. It matters not whether the mould is a rosette, a diamond, a flower, or a leaf ornament—a keystone, a vase, a pedestal, or the section of a mantel-piece—he moulds any thing and every thing with equal ease, beauty, and accuracy; and when the form is taken from the mould, the product is a plastic ornament, more perfect and beautiful than a carver could execute in a week of constant and patient labor.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Prima Donna.

At fifteen, a prima donna sings prettily, and listens to advice; people say, "How gentle and modest she is!" At sixteen, she begins to give herself airs; she knows she is handsome; she is amiable. At seventeen, admirers appear; people wish her many happy returns on her birthday; she still blushes at compliments. At eighteen, she is a coquette; she calls upon the critics; she suffers from colds, and already complains that managers make her sing too much. At nineteen, she misses rehearsals. At twenty, she travels for a month. At twenty-one, she is constantly talking about her guardian; she plots against the other members of the company; she causes herself to be applauded, and causes them to be hissed. At twenty-two, she is at par. At twenty-three, she becomes tender and melancholy. At twenty-four, she talks about an ambassador who intends marrying her. At twenty-five, she gives dinner-parties, but eats only a few crumbs herself, for she is beginning to get stout. At twenty-six, she complains that managers do not make her sing enough. At twenty-seven, she has an action. At twenty-eight, she confesses, quietly, that the applause is falling off. At twenty-nine, she jokes about being twenty-one next birthday. At thirty, she calls in the fashionable beautifier. At thirty-one, she falls desperately in love with a mere boy. At thirty-two, she is as amiable as possible with the manager whom she formerly despised so much. At thirty-three, the papers grow cool. At thirty-four, they are silent. At thirty-five, she goes into the provinces. At forty-five, you come across her in the chorus of some obscure theatre. —*La Gaulois.*

The Human Hair.

Gray hairs sell for a cent a piece. Hairdressers inquire of their customers for them, and beg that they may be saved from the comb in dressing. Gray hair is the most expensive and difficult to obtain. There is now a strong motive for young women to cultivate the growth of fine heads of hair, as their tresses in moments of difficulty may be worth a dowry to them. Mothers are warned against cutting their children's hair too often. If it is of good thickness at first, scissors should not be touched to the head; cutting makes the hair grow thicker but coarser. Frequent brushing while the hair is of moderate length, and washing once a week with a teaspoonful of liquid ammonia in a large bowlful of warm water, is the best treatment possible. Keep it done up loosely, so that the air can move through the hair freely. If any stimulant is required, half an ounce of dry ammonia, rubbed into a pint of olive oil, is the finest dressing to be made, surpassing bay rum and any mixture of spirits and oil. This dressing prevents hair from turning gray, if any thing will do so, and urges its growth. —*N. Y. Citizen.*

☞ "Why, you'd better knock the door down. What do you want?" "Ooh, my darling! don't let me wake any of your family; I'm just goin' your knocker to wake the people next door. I'm locked out, d'ye see, and they've niver a knocker." Rap! rap! rap!

☞ The oldest Woman's Club—The broomstick.

AGRICULTURAL.

Large Fruit Farms.

The farm occupied by Mr. Hyde, near Alton and owned by L. B. Sidway, of Chicago, consists of 400 acres; 100 acres of which are in fruit, planted as follows: 2,000 apple-trees, 3,000 pear, (2,300 of which are standard,) 1,500 peach-trees, and ground prepared for 1,000 more next spring; 500 cherry, 3,000 grapes, one acre of Lawton blackberries; 600 gooseberries, 600 currants. The place is intended exclusively for fruit, no other farm products being raised except for home consumption. Mr. Starr, of Monticello, has one of the largest fruit farms in this section; planted as follows: 2,800 apple-trees, mostly winter apples; 2,000 peach-trees; about 4,000 pear; 7,000 grapevines, of which 800 are Catawba, 175 Delaware, the rest of various kinds, including Ives's and Norton's Virginia.

Items.

—TIME FOR KILLING TREE WORMS.—A correspondent urges farmers to take this time of the year for looking in their orchards for the nests of worms; they can be found on the under-side of branches, or in the forks, small and shining, often covered with a little silken tent. One brush of the hand will destroy a nest which it would take many minutes to dispose of after the foliage is out. They can be seen and reached much more easily while the trees are bare.

—Good Farms in North Germany rent for $100 per acre.

—A writer for the Turf, Field and Farm, in suggesting that horses which herd together are oftener injured in their rough sports than in combat, remarks that the bite of the horse, even in play, is no trifle, for, from some peculiarity in the muscles of the jaws, they do not seem gifted with the facility to let go, like the dog. The jaws become locked and the piece must cut out or the teeth slip off and crack together before he again seems able to control their action.

—A late trial of the California steam plough, in San Francisco, was pronounced a success. The machine moved about the usual speed of a horse, cutting earth six inches deep, casting weeds on one side, and leaving the ground the same as if dug with a spade. A numerous attendance of farmers and others witnessed the trial.

—A member of the Oneida Community writing on the importance of mulching fruit trees and plants of every kind, says that he mulched a row of the Franconia raspberry, and also one of the Philadelphia, side by side. The effect was very marked. While the Franconias which were not mulched were literally scorched, and the leaves crumpled in the sun, the row which received the mulching carried through nearly double the crop of fruit. The material used for mulching was old, half-decayed buckwheat straw.

Queer Hog Fattener.

A singular discovery has just been made at Cincinnati. It seems that a man upset his kerosene lantern into his meal bin, and he noticed afterward that his hogs ate the damaged fodder with avidity. This gave him an idea, and by experiment he found that five weeks' feeding with kerosene mixture made one of his hogs so fat that it could scarcely stand. The animal was then tried into lard with the following result:—When cool the lard did not congeal, but the addition of a certain amount of potash resolved the contents of the kettle into three distinct substances—the first a light, transparent oil, better than kerosene or sperm oil; the second, a jelly-like substance which turned to soap; and last, a small residuum of insoluble muscle.

Poisonous Moulds.

Moulded bread, meat, cheese, or any other eatable is an actual poison, whether inhaled or eaten. One kind of mould causes the fatal ship-fever. The mould in damp cellars causes various grades of typhoid fever, diarrhœa, dysentery, etc. Recent chemical researches and microscopic observation seem to show that miasm is nothing more or less than a mould, and that this mould is, in reality, a cloud of living things, each too small to be seen by the naked eye, and are drawn into the lungs, swallowed with the saliva, incorporated with the food eaten, and by being absorbed into the blood are sufficient to cause all grades of deadly fevers; elevated or dry localities are wholly exempt.

Soap-Suds.

Soap-suds is an excellent fertilizer of grass and grape-vines, and should not be wasted. A bit of alum in a tub of soap-suds sends the dirt and soap to the bottom and leaves the water fit for use again, if carefully poured off from the sediment, which becomes a concentrated fertilizer, almost as good as guano. If a lump of alum as large as the thumb-joint is thrown into four or five gallons of boiling soap-suds, the scum runs over and leaves the water clean and soft and useful for washing. We have often, in ancient times, "settled" a glass of Mississippi water, and made it look as "clear as a bell" in a few seconds by tying a bit of alum to a string and twirling it around under the surface of the water in the glass.

RECEIPTS.

BAKED SHAD.—Place your shad in the bake pan, put on the usual amount of butter, and then pour over the fish a cup of new milk, or what is better, half a cupful of sweet cream. Then bake as usual. The memory of such a dish, the first time it is eaten, will remain with you ever after.

A STEWED NECK OF MUTTON.—Choose a lean neck of mutton, cut it up into chops, remove the fat and skin from them, and trim them neatly. Put a tablespoonful of sago at the bottom of a large earthenware jar, which has a cover to it; on the sago arrange a layer of chops, and upon the chops sliced carrots, turnips, onions and celery, and any green vegetable which may be in season, such as lettuce, peas, etc. Commence again with another tablespoonful of sago, then a layer of meat, and another of vegetables, and so on until the materials are all in the jar. Season well with salt and pepper, pour in one pint of spring water, cover the jar closely, and stew gently in the oven for three hours.

FIG PUDDING.—Chop up three-quarters of a pound of figs, with a quarter of a pound of beef suet, add five ounces of grated bread, half-pound of sugar, two eggs, and a breakfast cupful of milk. Pour these ingredients, after being well mixed, into a buttered mould, and boil for two hours.

USES OF COAL ASHES.—They are said to prevent the depredations of garden mice if spread over the surface of the mould. Coal ashes are said to accelerate the appearance of early sown peas. Strew the surface of the ground with coal ashes as soon as the peas are put in the ground, and they will appear three or four days earlier than when no ashes are spread.

ALMOND CAKE.—Take ten eggs, beaten separately, the yolks from the whites; beat the yolks with half a pound of white sugar; blanch a quarter of a pound of almonds by pouring hot water on them, and remove the skins; pound them in a mortar smooth; add three drops of oil of bitter almonds, and rose-water to prevent the oiling of the almonds. Stir this also into the eggs. Half a pound of sifted flour stirred very slowly into the eggs; lastly, stir in the whites, which must have been whipped to a stiff froth. Pour this into the pans, and bake immediately three-quarters of an hour.

THE RIDDLER.

Classical Enigma.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 7, 16, 8, 21, 36, was one of the disciples of Socrates.
My 27, 25, 30, 9, 29, 5, was a daughter of Jupiter.
My 3, 42, 17, is a celebrated mount in Crete.
My 9, 19, 22, 1, was a Roman Emperor.
My 4, 17, 6, 38, 40, was a Latin writer that wrote 500 different volumes.
My 39, 17, 29, 27, 20, 46, 28, was a celebrated woman of antiquity.
My 13, 32, 40, was a Roman philosopher.
My 22, 12, 2, 23, 29, was loved by Ulysses.
My 33, 9, 28, 19, 35, was one of the Muses.
My 15, 44, 3, 43, 29, 5, was the birth-place of one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.
My 34, 43, 24, 5, 41, is an island in the Pacific.
My 45, 11, 3, 29, 17, is a river in Russia.
My 10, 37, 19, 3, 20, 28, a Roman Colony where Antony besieged Brutus.
My 14, 47, 7, 17, 1, 29, a King of Arcadia.
My 18, 36, 26, 31, is the name of a celebrated general.

My whole is the name of a celebrated General, and words of advice to his soldiers.

E. EUGENE CAWLEY.

Philadelphia.

☞ An answer is requested.

Original Riddle.

We dwell on earth, we brothers seven,
Though *two* of us are now in Heaven;
And *one* is in a ship whose sail
Was torn and riven by the gale;
And *two* of us are in the grave,
Where sleep the monarch, serf and slave;
And three are on the mountain high,
Where once a maiden breathed a sigh
For one she loved with fond devotion,
While tempest-tossed on yonder ocean;
And ere to-morrow's sun shall set,
I'll tell you something stranger yet;
For two will be in yonder cloud,
Amid the roaring tempest loud;
And when the vivid lightnings flash,
We'll mingle with the thunder's crash;
And ere to-morrow's sun shall rise,
We'll be with angels in the skies;
And two of us go back to Heaven,
The rest remain, we brothers seven.

MUSIC VALE SEMINARY.

Salem, Conn.

Algebraical Problem.

A and B bought 900 acres of Western land for $2,000, each paying $1,000. When they divided the tract, A agreed to pay $0 50 an acre more for his part than B did for his, on account of difference in the quality of the land. How many acres did each get, and at what price per acre?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

I have two cubical boxes, whose united length in the clear are 20 inches, and their solid contents are 2,240 cubic inches. What is the difference of their contents?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Enigma.

In walking over the fields one day, I found the lesser segment of a cast-iron sphere, whose radius over the level base thereof measures 4 inches, and its weight is 14 pounds, 9.06375 ounces, avoirdupois weight. Now, my table of specific gravities says, cast-iron weighs 7,425 ounces per cubical foot. What was the diameter of said sphere?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a courteous person like a tree? Ans.—He is full of *boughs* (bows.)

☞ Why is a State horse heavy? Ans.—He is *load* (led.)

☞ Why is a gaoler like a musician? Ans.—He fingers the keys.

☞ Why is money like a whip? Ans.—It makes the mare go.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger."

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC—"Coniah."—Jer. xxii. 28—30.

C horazin	Matt. xi. 21.
O nyx	Gen. ii. 12.
N ineveh	Jonah i. 1, 2.
I ddo	2 Chron. xii. 15; xiii. 22.
A mram	Exod. vi. 20.
H oshea	2 Kings xvii. 2.

PEPPERMINT LOZENGES.—Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of gum-arabic, and half as much isinglass, in a quarter of a pint of boiling water; let it stand till quite cold; (dissolved gum-arabic may be used alone, or gum-arabic and gum-dragon together;) then mix into it ten or twelve drops of the oil of peppermint. Add to it one pound and three-quarters of sifted loaf-sugar, or more, work it all well together into a stiffish paste; roll it out thin on a marble slab, dusting it with starch-powder; cut it into lozenges about the size of a shilling, with a tin-cutter, and put them on paper or trays, and dry them in a proving oven or stove.

WINE BISCUITS.—Take two pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, and four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar; rub the sugar and the butter into the flour, and make it into a stiff paste with milk; pound it in a mortar, roll it out thin, and cut into sizes or shapes to fancy; lay them on buttered paper, in a warm oven, on iron plates, having first brushed them over with a little milk. When done, you can give them a gloss by brushing them over with a brush dipped in egg. A few caraway-seeds may be added, if thought proper.

☞ A voracious married man from the East recently visited Chicago. In relating his experience he says:—"As soon as I reached the city I was attacked by a corps of small boys, who pressed upon me the cards of several lawyers, and assaulted me with shouts of 'Want a divorce, mister?' 'Here you are; divorce in fifteen minutes,' and such like astounding cries."

☞ The Salt Lake Vidette has the following: "Correction—Instead of 'people all very lousy,' in a letter from Crystal Park the other day, read, 'people all very busy.'"